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# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XCVI. No. 2485

SEPTEMBER 1, 1944

## KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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## NEAR GOLF AT STOKE POGES

19 miles from London.

### IN UNSPOILT BUCKS AMONGST PRIVATE ESTATES

*Near an old-world village and handy for Denham and Gerrards Cross.*

#### A DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY HOUSE

SET IN SECLUDED GROUNDS. TWO LONG APPROACH-DRIVES FLANKED BY RHODODENDRONS AND AZALEAS.

Lounge hall and cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, maids' sitting-room and offices, 9 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Main water and electricity. Central heating.

EXCELLENT COTTAGE OF 5 ROOMS. DOUBLE GARAGE.

WOODED GROUNDS WITH WALKS. ROSE GARDEN. ROCKERY. KITCHEN AND FRUIT GARDENS.

ABOUT 12½ ACRES

**PRICE £13,500 FREEHOLD**

Apply: JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 3316/7.)

WITH POSSESSION.

## SUSSEX, Nr. KENT BORDERS

*Off the beaten track amongst orchards and wooded country. Outside daily reach of London.*

### A MODERNISED XVth CENTURY FARMHOUSE

with oak framing, timbers and beams, and tiled roof. Hall, cloakroom, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom and offices. Main electricity; water by electric pump. Cesspit drainage. Hot water from independent boiler. Basins in 4 bedrooms.

TIMBER-BUILT GARAGE AND STORE SHEDS.

Garden, lawn, small paddock and apple orchard.

IN ALL ABOUT 1¼ ACRES

**PRICE £4,000 FREEHOLD**

OR NEAR OFFER.

Inspected by JACKSON STOPS & STAFF, 8, Hanover Street, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 3316/7.)  
(Folio 9122)

## ON THE COTSWOLDS

*Between Cheltenham and Gloucester.*

### DELIGHTFUL STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE

*Enjoying extensive views.*

3 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Central heating. Telephone.

#### SMALL FARMERY OF 25 ACRES

Vacant possession.

**PRICE FREEHOLD £6,000**

OPEN TO OFFER.

Details of JACKSON STOPS, Land Agents, Cirencester. Tel. 334-5.



Grosvenor 3121  
(3 lines)

## WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1

### BERKS

6 miles from a town and railway station with express services to London. A mile from a village.

#### A COMMODIOUS AND ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE PART OF WHICH DATES FROM THE XVIIth CENTURY, WITH LATE ADDITIONS.



The aspect is South and the Residence contains: 2 halls, 4 reception rooms (the largest measuring 36 ft. by 30 ft.), cloak room and lavatory, excellent domestic offices including servants' hall and man's bedroom, 14 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms. The House is well fitted, including central heating in most of the rooms. Range of outbuildings including stable, garage and 4 cottages.

THE GROUNDS ARE AN EXCEPTIONAL FEATURE AND ARE WELL TIMBERED. Walled kitchen garden, second kitchen garden and greenhouses. Lake. Small park.

**IN ALL ABOUT 21 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD**  
WITH POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR (the House is at present requisitioned). Full particulars of the Owner's Agents: Messrs. WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

### WANTED

MESSRS. WINKWORTH & CO. HAVE A NUMBER OF APPLICANTS WHO ARE DESIROUS OF PURCHASING COUNTRY HOUSES AND ESTATES  
PARTICULARS SHOULD BE SENT WITH PHOTOGRAPHS TO THE ESTATE OFFICES, 48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, W.1.

### ASCOT, BERKS

*On high ground with open view. Almost adjoining golf course.*  
**A VERY ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE**



8 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, hall, 4 reception rooms. Main services. Fitted basins. Central heating.

GARAGE FOR 2-3 CARS WITH CHAUFFEUR'S ROOM  
**WELL-TIMBERED GARDENS AND GROUNDS  
ABOUT 4 ACRES**

**FOR SALE. POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR**  
Sole Agents: WINKWORTH & Co., 48, Curzon Street, London, W.1.



# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

## LEICESTERSHIRE

Birmingham 13 miles, Derby 14 miles. Outskirts of Market Town, ¼ mile Station.



A well constructed and comfortable residence in sheltered position, 500 ft. up, South aspect, sandy soil, lovely country and views. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Central heating. All main services. Telephone.

Garage 3-4 cars, stabling, cottage, modern bungalow, 2 barns. PLEASURE GARDENS of 5 acres form a feature. Tennis courts, miniature lily pond and waterfall, woodland dell with SWIMMING POOL. Productive kitchen garden, fruit of all varieties, vinery, glass-houses, etc. 37 acres arable. 2½ grass. Nearly 46 ACRES About 2,100 ft. road frontages.



**FOR SALE FREEHOLD Immediate Possession**

Sole Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (41,003)

## NORTHAMPTONSHIRE—TWO HOURS FROM LONDON BY ROAD OR RAIL

### VALUABLE STUD FARM OF 55 ACRES

The House is approached by a drive, with Lodge, and contains 3 reception rooms, billiards room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms.

Electric light. Central heating. Water laid on. Garage for 4 cars. Chauffeur's cottage.

Excellent range of STUD STABLING surmounted by a Clock Tower. 12 loose boxes, 2 foaling boxes, groom's quarters.

6 paddocks well protected by fir plantations and properly fenced.

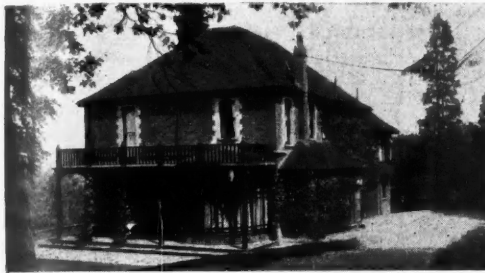
**FOR SALE FREEHOLD. The House and Grounds are at present requisitioned.**

Agents: Messrs. WOODS & CO., 18, Castilian Street, Northampton; and Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (40,952)

## SURREY HILLS—18 MILES SOUTH OF LONDON

Most salubrious position 550 ft. up on a western slope and enjoying beautiful views. About 10 minutes from Station with frequent electric service to Town. Close to bus route.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD with deferred possession (requisitioned)**



An exceptionally well-built and equipped residence constructed of red brick with cavity walls and tiled roof, approached by a drive with Entrance Lodge and containing, on two floors: Large lounge hall, 3 reception, (library oak panelled), 9 bed and dressing (6 with basins), 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. All main services.

Stabling and garage. Chauffeur's flat. Bothy.

WELL-ESTABLISHED GARDENS, including stone-paved terrace, rock garden, shrubbery, lawns, hard tennis court, rose garden, swimming pool, 2 greenhouses.

Over 4 ACRES

Agents: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1. (26,392)



Mayfair 3771  
(10 lines)

**20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.**

Telegrams: Galleries, Wesdo, London

Reading 4441  
Regent 0293/3377

## NICHOLAS

(Established 1892)

1, STATION ROAD, READING; 4, ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY W.1

Telegrams:

"Nicholas, Reading"

"Nicholson, Piccadilly, London"

## HANTS—BERKS BORDERS

3 miles from Main Line Station.

**FOR SALE with Vacant Possession.**

### EXCEPTIONALLY GOOD DAIRY AND CORN FARM

Situated 260 ft. above sea level in nice country and a good sporting district of about

**242 ACRES**

Attractive Queen Anne Style Farmhouse (modernised)

2 reception, kitchen (Aga), 5 bedrooms, bathroom, good water supply.

PICTURESQUE RANGE OF OUTBUILDINGS, 5 OLD BRICK, TIMBERED AND THATCHED LOOSE BOXES, 4-STALL STABLE, MODERN BRICK GRANARY. COWHOUSE FOR 30, ETC., ALSO 3 OLD TYPE COTTAGES.

**PRICE, to include valuable timber chiefly oak, £12,000**

USUAL TENANT-RIGHT VALUATIONS.

Further particulars from Messrs. NICHOLAS, as above.

OXFORD  
4637/8.

## JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK

OXFORD & CHIPPING NORTON

CHIPPING  
NORTON  
39

## HAMPSHIRE-SUSSEX BORDERS

London 45 miles.

### A MOST ATTRACTIVE RESIDENTIAL AND SPORTING ESTATE

CHARMING QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE containing 3-4 reception rooms, 14 principal bedrooms, 5 servants' bedrooms, 4 bathrooms, etc. Electric light from private plant. Ample water supply. Central heating. Telephone. Good stabling, outbuildings and garage. Very fine old barn (approx. 122 ft. long). Squash racquets court with gallery. 6 cottages. Delightful well-timbered pleasure grounds, orchard, tennis courts and kitchen garden. Good arable land (formerly pasture) in convenient-sized enclosures; also woods and plantations containing a considerable quantity of excellent timber providing fine cover for game.

**IN ALL ABOUT 415 ACRES**

Property is now let (the residence being occupied by an evacuated school) at a total rental of **£650 19s. p.a.**

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

Apply: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

## BERKSHIRE DOWNS VILLAGE

Didcot Station 2½ miles.

AN ATTRACTIVE OLD VILLAGE HOUSE. 3 sitting-rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, 3 attic bedrooms, bathroom. Main electric light, main water supply, main drainage. Partial central heating. Garage, stabling, and picturesque old barn. Pretty garden and orchard, in all about 1½ ACRES. **PRICE FREEHOLD, £4,150**

VACANT POSSESSION.

Apply the Sole Agents: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.

## OXON-BERKS-BUCKS BORDERS

Henley 6 miles.

A CHOICE SMALL RESIDENTIAL FARM. Picturesque Farmhouse (part 400 years old). 3 sitting-rooms, office, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Electric light from private plant. Good water supply. Telephone. Cottage. Ample farmbuildings. Approximately 150 ACRES. **PRICE FREEHOLD £9,000, or Lock, Stock and Barrel, £12,000**

Apply: JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, Oxford.



# HAMPTON & SONS

6, ARLINGTON STREET, ST. JAMES'S, S.W.1

(Regent 8222, 15 lines)

Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London"



## POST-WAR POSSESSION

## NORTH WALES

Llandudno, Queen of Welsh Watering Places.

### THE FREEHOLD MARINE RESIDENCE, VILLA MARINA

Magnificently situated with panoramic views of the Bay and Welsh Mountains.



Built regardless of cost, the house is luxuriously fitted and labour saving throughout.

Lounge, 30 ft. by 18 ft. 2 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms (fitted hand basins), 3 bathrooms.

Central heating. All main services.

GARAGE. TERRACED LAWNS, CIRCULAR PAVILION WITH CHANGING ROOMS FOR BATHING AND GATE TO THE BEACH.

A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF MODERN ARCHITECTURE.

**FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY**

or by AUCTION at a later date.



Full particulars from: Messrs. MATTHEW, RYAN, BLAKE AND WILLIAMS, F.A.I., Augusta Street, Llandudno. Tel.: 6173. and HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Tel.: REG. 8222.

## EAST DEVON

On Salcombe Hill, Sidmouth.

The late Lady Locker's Estate occupying a magnificent position with land and sea views.



**Lot 1: The Marine Residence** built in 1910, containing: 4 reception rooms; 8 bedrooms (fitted basins); 4 bathrooms. Garage. Central heating electric light. Together with about 12½ Acres.  
**Lot 2:** Accommodation land of about 10 Acres.  
**Lot 3:** Orchard and pasture of just over 5½ Acres, suitable for development.  
**Lot 4:** Leigh Cottage with walled garden (at present let).  
**Lot 5:** Walled-in garden of about 47½ poles.

To be offered by AUCTION on the Premises on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1944, unless previously sold by private treaty.

Solicitors: Messrs. SPARKS & BLAKE, Crewkerne and Chard, Somerset.

Joint Agents: Messrs. POLBURY & SONS, Sidmouth, and HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, London, S.W.1. Tel.: Regent 8222.

## HAMPSHIRE

In unspoilt country 6½ miles from Winchester

### A PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC COUNTY SEAT



of Tudor origin carefully modernized and in first-class order

16 bed and dressing rooms, 7 bathrooms, 6 fine reception rooms, modern offices. Central heating. Electric lighting. Excellent water supply. Charming gardens and grounds. Lodge and four cottages.

In all about **160 ACRES**

Including 100 Acres Woods with Valuable Timber.

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

**PRICE £25,000**

Further details and order to view from the Agents: DUNCAN B. GRAY & PARTNERS, 129, Mount Street, W.1. Tel.: Grosvenor 2353; or HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, St. James's, S.W.1. Tel.: Regent 8222.

## BERKS. SUNNINGHILL AREA

1½ miles from Sunningdale and Ascot Stations and within easy access of several noted golf courses.

### COMMODIOUS GEORGIAN RESIDENCE



4 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, etc. All public services. Central heating.

**BUNGALOW LODGE**

Cottage. Stabling.

Garage with rooms for men. Well-established grounds, 2 hard tennis courts, walled kitchen garden, orchards, wood and grass-land. In all over

**20 ACRES**

**FOR SALE FREEHOLD**

AT PRESENT LET FURNISHED SUBJECT TO 6 MONTHS' NOTICE

Particulars from: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)

By Direction of The Hesketh Estates, Ltd.

## THE QUEDGELEY HOUSE ESTATE

QUEDGELEY, near GLOUCESTER

Within 3 miles of the City centre, on the main Bristol Road, comprising:

### QUEDGELEY HOUSE

21 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, etc. (at present requisitioned).

**Secondary Residence known as WOOLSTROP COTTAGE**

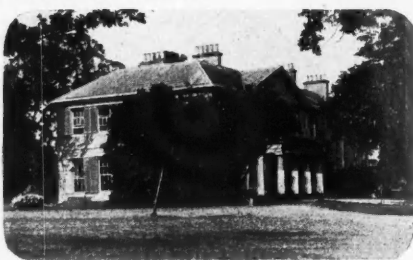
3 Attractive Farms of 236 acres, 99 acres and 55 acres.

Cottages.

About 90 ACRES are scheduled for development with the lay-out approved and passed by the local authority. All main services. The whole extending to about 417 ACRES and producing £1,120 gross p.a.

**For SALE by AUCTION as a WHOLE or in LOTS**

Solicitors: Messrs. SLAUGHTER & MAY, 18, Austin Friars, E.C.2. Particulars (in course of preparation) may be had when ready from the Auctioneers: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)



## RURAL SUFFOLK

About 2½ miles from Sazmundham. Near pretty village. Good sporting district.

### ATTRACTIVE MODERN RESIDENCE NICELY SITUATED

Lounge hall, 4 reception rooms, 6 principal bedrooms, servants' bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, staff sitting room and offices. Main electricity. Water pumped electrically. Modern drainage. Garage. Farm buildings. Cottage. Fine gardens designed by a well-known landscape gardener. Rock and water garden. Productive kitchen garden. Orchard.

Paddocks and about 40 acres under cultivation.

**53 ACRES IN ALL Price Freehold £7,000**



**FOR POST-WAR OCCUPATION**

Particulars from:

HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.) (E. 30,592)

With Possession at September.

## ON THE EDGE OF EXMOOR

### EXCELLENT PASTURE AND DAIRY FARM OF ABOUT 152 ACRES

with OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE

2 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.). Own water. Color gas lighting.

**GOOD FARM BUILDINGS**

with tyings for 20 cows, and 2 fine Barns.

**130 ACRES PASTURE AND 22 ARABLE**

**PRICE £4,500 FREEHOLD**

**OR WITH FURNITURE £5,500**

Apply: HAMPTON & SONS, LTD., 6, Arlington Street, S.W.1. (Tel.: REG. 8222.)



Regent  
4304

## OSBORN &amp; MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.,  
PICCADILLY, W.1

## EAST SUSSEX

Beautifully situated some 400 ft. up, commanding panoramic views of the Downs and Sea.

LOVELY OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE Brought to Modern Standards of Comfort and Luxury



4 reception. 11 bedrooms, 7 bathrooms. Main electricity. Central Heating. First-class water supply. Garage for 6 cars.

Delightful well-maintained gardens, including kitchen garden, soft fruit, fully stocked orchards, En Tout Cas Tennis Court, Magnificent Swimming Pool.

Pasture and Arable. In all NEARLY 28 ACRES More Land Available if Required PRICE FREEHOLD £11,000 Would be Sold Fully Furnished.

Agents: OSBORN &amp; MERCER, as above. (17,175)

## HANTS AND SURREY BORDERS

Occupying a quiet position away from traffic nuisances yet within a mile of a station with splendid train service to town.

A MOST ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE thoroughly up to date and in first-class order throughout.

Small hall, 3 reception rooms, loggia, usual offices with servants' sitting-room, 6 bedrooms (all with lavatory basins, h. &amp; c.), 2 bathrooms. Main services. Central heating.

2 excellent Garages.

Delightful well-maintained gardens including lawns, flower beds and borders, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, and a small copse. In all A LITTLE OVER AN ACRE.

FOR SALE FREEHOLD WITH DEFERRED POSSESSION

Inspected and recommended by OSBORN &amp; MERCER, as above. (17,476)

## BUCKS

Between Aylesbury and Buckingham, convenient for Main Line Station to London.

Sheltered situation in rural country—For Sale AN UP-TO-DATE COUNTRY HOUSE OF CHARACTER.

Main electricity and water. Central heating. Lounge hall, 3 reception, dozen bedrooms, 3 bathrooms.

Hunter Stabling. Farmery. 3 Cottages.

Very Pleasant Gardens. Excellent Pasture.

Hard Tennis Court. Squash Court.

24 ACRES

Agents: OSBORN &amp; MERCER. Inspected and highly recommended. (16,730)

## WEST SUSSEX

In a delightful position high up, facing south and commanding lovely views.

AN ATTRACTIVE SMALL RESIDENTIAL ESTATE INCLUDING A GEORGIAN PERIOD HOUSE

seated amidst parklike surroundings.



3 reception, billiards room, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Electric light. Main Water.

Central Heating.

3 cottages, stabling, delightful gardens and grounds with lake, open-air swimming bath, walled kitchen garden, woodland, parklands and rich water meadows bounded by a river, in all about 120 ACRES

For Sale by OSBORN &amp; MERCER. (16,100)

23, MOUNT ST.,  
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

## LOVELY POSITION. SURREY HILLS

High up with beautiful views. 17 miles London.



ARCHITECT-BUILT MODERN HOUSE OF CHARACTER in first-rate order and extremely well-appointed. 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 4 reception. Main services. Radiators. Garage and flat. Beautifully timbered gardens of singular charm.

3 ACRES £27,000 WITH POSSESSION FURTHER 3 ACRES AND COTTAGE IF REQUIRED.

Agents: WILSON &amp; Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

## WILSON &amp; CO.

Grosvenor  
1441

## HANTS, NEAR BASINGSTOKE

300 feet up. Delightful views. 1 mile station.



ATTRACTIVE SMALL ESTATE OF 52 ACRES with well-appointed residence. 12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, 3 reception. Main electricity and water. Lodge. Well-timbered gardens, pasture and woods with large LAKE.

FREEHOLD FOR SALE

WITH POST-WAR POSSESSION.

Sole Agents: WILSON &amp; Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

## SUSSEX, NEAR LEWES



SINGULARLY CHARMING SMALL ESTATE enjoying perfect seclusion in lovely country. 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception. Main electricity. Stabling. Garage. Small farmery. 6 cottages. Delightful gardens. Woodland with large Lake and pasture land.

FOR SALE WITH 40 ACRES

Post-war Possession.

Agents: WILSON &amp; Co., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

## CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON

OF SHREWSBURY (Tel.: 2061)

THE AGENTS FOR THE WEST

## 10 MILES W. OF TAUNTON. £6,750

MODERNISED FARMHOUSE in perfect order. 3 reception, 7 bed, 2 bath. Main electricity. Garage and ample outbuildings. Attractive grounds and pasture. 11 ACRES. Possession, say, in 3 months.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON, Shrewsbury. (Tel. 2061.)

## S. DEVON (near Coast). Post-war Possession, £4,750

DELIGHTFUL MODERN HOUSE with wonderful views, near bus to good town. 5 beds, bath, 3 reception. Main electricity. Garage. 1½ ACRES.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

## WORCESTERSHIRE £4,500

(Post-war Possession.)

QUEEN ANNE HOUSE of great character and charm. 6-8 bed, 3 bath. Main electricity and water. Cottage, buildings. Old-world grounds 3½ ACRES, more land available.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

## CORNISH COAST. £4,850

Near good town and golf.

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE. Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 7 bed, 3 bath, main electricity, water and drains. Garage. Lovely grounds of 3½ ACRES.

(Post-war Possession.)

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

## GENTLEMAN'S DAIRY &amp; MIXED FARM, 120 Acres.

BETWEEN EVESHAM &amp; STRATFORD-ON-AVON £8,750

SMALL MODERNISED RESIDENCE in pretty village. Hall, 2 reception, 4-5 bed, bath (h. &amp; c.), w.c.s. Main electricity and water. Splendid modern farm buildings in A.1 order. Rich land (half arable), well fenced and drained. Possession.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

## SOUTH HEREFORDSHIRE £3,950

GEORGIAN RESIDENCE in LOVELY DISTRICT.

Hall, 3 reception, 6-7 bed, bath, etc. Main electricity. Ample buildings. About 7 ACRES. Possession.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

## WILTSHIRE. £4,500

SMALL GEORGIAN HOUSE in village with buses to Salisbury. 4 bed, bath, 3 reception. Main electricity. Garage. Nice gardens. 2 ACRES. Possession by arrangement. Very labour-saving. Low rates.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

## NORTHAMPTONSHIRE. £5,250

ATTRACTIVE OLD RESIDENCE, modernised, in small village, 6 miles Northampton (frequent buses). 6 bed, bath, 2 reception. Main electricity, gas, water and drains. Large garage, barn and stabling. Excellent grounds, orchard, etc., 3 ACRES. Possession.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

## FIRST-CLASS COUNTRY RESIDENTIAL HOTEL (fully licensed) in West Midlands.

FOR SALE, £45,000 with 18-hole golf course. 35-40 bed (all h. &amp; c.), 17 bathrooms. Main services. Central heat. Cottages. Lovely grounds, 170 ACRES. Unique proposition. Magnificently furnished.

CHAMBERLAINE-BROTHERS &amp; HARRISON, Shrewsbury.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1  
(Euston 7000)

## MAPLE &amp; Co., Ltd.,

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1  
(Regent 4685)WANTED TO PURCHASE  
IN WILTS, HANTS, SUSSEX, OXON, BERKSHIRE  
EARLY GEORGIAN OR QUEEN ANNE HOUSE

WITH 12 TO 14 BEDROOMS

MUST BE IN FIRST-CLASS CONDITION

LAND FROM 500 TO 3,000 ACRES

A GOOD PRICE WILL BE PAID FOR SUITABLE ESTATE

Write: MAPLE &amp; Co., Ltd., as above.

Grosvenor 1553  
(4 lines)

# GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
68, Victoria St.,  
Westminster, S.W.1

## SUSSEX, IN A GRAND POSITION, HIGH UP, WITH WONDERFUL VIEWS



EN TOUT CAS TENNIS COURT.

ELEVEN MILES FROM EASTBOURNE.

A.D. 1510.

### TO BE SOLD

A DELIGHTFUL OLD MANOR HOUSE, recently the subject of a large outlay in careful modernisation and addition, having well-proportioned, and not low, rooms, the old period features and timber-work having been displayed in a delightful manner.

11 bed and dressing rooms, 6 bathrooms, fine lounge (28 ft. by 17 ft.), 3 other sitting rooms, servants' hall and complete offices. Central heating. Electricity. Ample water.

CONCRETE SWIMMING POOL.

A FINE OLD BARN (accommodates 5 or 6 cars).

OUTBUILDINGS.

VERY PRODUCTIVE KITCHEN GARDEN.

SIMPLE, BUT VERY PLEASING, OLD-WORLD GARDENS (maintained by one man).

**FREEHOLD £11,000**



PRETTY WOODS.

GARDENS, ORCHARD AND PADDOCKS OF 30 ACRES.

Personally inspected and recommended by GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1.

(C. 2314.)

3, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

## RALPH PAY & TAYLOR

Grosvenor  
1032-33

JUST PLACED IN THE SALE MARKET AND OFFERED WITH EARLY POSSESSION

**MALVERN HILLS**, 700 ft. up. REGENCY HOUSE of particular charm with Adam decorations, secluded in nearly 10 ACRES. 4 reception, 8 bedrooms (5 with basins), 4 bathrooms. All services. Heating. Garages, stabling. Farmery, cottages. Shady gardens, pasture, arable and woodland. **FREEHOLD £8,000.**

**CHILTERN HILLS**, 500 ft. up. Main line station within a mile. **DISTINCTIVE OLD-STYLE HOUSE** amid lovely grounds of about 6 ACRES. Long drive with lodge, 3 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main water and electricity. Heating. Garages, stabling. Two bungalows. **FREEHOLD, £8,500.**

**WEST SUSSEX**, between Midhurst and Petworth. Fine views of South Downs. **EXQUISITELY APPOINTED MODERN HOUSE** entirely upon two floors, erected in 1909 regardless of cost. 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms. Electricity and water. Central heating. Garages, 3 cottages and Secondary House (4 bedrooms). GARDENS A FEATURE. Lawns, beautiful trees, grassland, etc. **OVER 12 ACRES.** Executors' sale, will accept **£8,000** (cost considerably more).

### BEAUTIFUL LINCOLNSHIRE WOLDS

Market Rasen 6 miles, Lincoln 10 miles.



**FINE OLD HOUSE OF GEORGIAN CHARACTER** secluded in grounds of nearly 7 ACRES. 3 reception, 7 bedrooms, bathroom. Main water. Heating. Garage, stabling, farmery. Shady gardens, fine trees, pasture. **FREEHOLD ONLY £3,250.**

Sole Agents, as above.

**HALF-AN-HOUR'S RAIL OF PADDINGTON.** Convenient for several good golf courses. **GEORGIAN-STYLE HOUSE**, secluded in nearly 5 ACRES, adjoining common. 4 reception, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main water and electricity. Central heating. Garage, cottage. Old-established grounds and 2 meadows. **FREEHOLD, £7,000.**

**ADJACENT TO FAMOUS KENTISH DEER PARK.** 5 miles from Maidstone, 350 ft. up, on gravel soil. **RESTORED TUDOR FARMHOUSE** of irresistible charm, fascinating half-timbered interior. Lounge hall, 2 reception, 6 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Water and electricity. Central heating. FINE OLD BARN, stabling, garage and cottage, outbuildings. Inexpensive grounds and paddock. About 7 ACRES **FREEHOLD, only £5,000.**

**ADJOINING PRIVATE PARK AND GOLF COURSE** in pretty part of Essex, convenient for Brentwood and Shenfield—fast trains in 30 minutes. **IMPOSING HOUSE OF TUDOR DESIGN**, secluded in 46 ACRES. 4 reception, 9 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main services. Heating. Garage, stabling, 2 cottages and bungalow. Matured grounds, fine forest trees, pasture and arable. **FREEHOLD, ONLY £6,500**, or for Residence, grounds of 8 acres and 2 cottages, **£5,000.**

## CLASSIFIED PROPERTIES

(1/6 per line. Min. 3 lines.)

### AUCTIONS

#### IPSWICH

#### SPURLINGS & HEMPSON

are instructed by the Exors. of the late Sir Bunell H. Burton to **SELL** by AUCTION at IPSWICH on WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1944, at 3 p.m., **THE BIRKFIELD ESTATE** of 109 acres, 2 roads, 26 poles, within 1 mile of the centre of the Market and County Town of Ipswich, Suffolk, comprising a **SUBSTANTIALLY BUILT MANSION** known as "Birkfield," Belstead Road, Ipswich, containing 6 reception rooms, 10 principal and 6 secondary bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating, main electricity, gas and water. 4 cottages, garages, stabling, glass-houses surrounded by level parks and well wooded plantations of over 40 acres, suitable for a private school, home or institution. Possession on completion. Also 60 Acres of well timbered land adjoining and various smaller lots. The property offers scope for future development, being in a compact block of 109 acres on the outskirts of Ipswich with frontages of 3,320 ft. to a main road and 2,950 ft. to secondary roads. Particulars (price 1s.) may be obtained from the Solicitors, Messrs. Josselyn & Sons, 10, Queen Street, Ipswich, or of the Auctioneers, 26, Princes Street, Ipswich.

By order of the Owner, T. M. Scott, Esq.

#### PENRITH, CUMBERLAND

The Lake District.

Valuable Freehold Residential and Agricultural Estate known as **GREENGILL**, situate about 1½ miles from Penrith, 6 miles from Ulswater and adjacent to the Penrith Golf Course, and comprising a Superior Residence commanding magnificent views, 4 reception rooms, 5 principal and 5 secondary bedrooms, bathroom and the usual domestic offices. Electricity installed, partial central heating. Extensive range of first-class farm buildings. Farm bailiff's house, 4 cottages, and 296 Acres of sound, well watered arable, meadow and pasture land all lying in a ring fence and of easy occupation. The present owner has maintained a home-bred Friesian Herd with an accredited licence since 1930, and the estate is eminently suitable for an Attended Farm. **VACANT POSSESSION** at Candlemas, 1945.

**PENRITH FARMERS' & KIDD'S AUCTION CO., LTD.** will offer the above highly attractive AGRICULTURAL PROPERTY for SALE by AUCTION at ST. ANDREW'S HALL, PENRITH, on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1944, at 2 p.m. Printed Particulars and Plans may be obtained from the Auctioneers, St. Andrew's Churchyard, Penrith (Tel. 135), or Messrs. Arnison & Co., Solicitors, Penrith (Tel. 7).

### AUCTIONS

By direction of the Executors of the late D. Y. B. Tanqueray, Esq.

**HELSTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE** HOME OF THE POET JOHN CLARE 7 miles from Peterborough and 7 miles from Stamford.

Charmingly situated in the village, facing South and close to the Railway Station.

The Attractive Stone-built Freehold COUNTRY RESIDENCE known as "THE OLD VICARAGE," containing entrance hall, dining room and study, all having polished oak floors, drawing room overlooking garden, 6 bedrooms, nursery, 2 bathrooms. Well equipped domestic offices. Stone-built double garage and stable. Electricity, main water and modern sanitation. Delightful and well timbered gardens and grounds of ¼ acre. The whole property maintained in fine condition. For SALE by AUCTION at Peterborough on SEPTEMBER 6, 1944. **VACANT POSSESSION** on completion. Particulars from

**DAKING & WRIGHT,**

Estate Offices, Peterborough (Tel. 2347).

By direction of Executors.

#### THANET, KENT

Within easy reach of Broadstairs and other Coastal Towns, also Golf Links and good rail facilities.

Substantially built Residence (3 reception, 8 beds), MINSTER HOUSE, Minster, standing in own grounds and paddocks, 12½ Acres (vacant possession house and grounds). Also, adjoining above, Farm of 127 Acres highly productive land. Other arable lands with good building sites, 21 small houses and cottages.

Messrs. **ARTHUR MARCHANT & SON** will offer for SALE by AUCTION, by direction of Executors of Fredk. Swinford decd., at COUNTY HOTEL, CANTERBURY, on SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1944, at 3 p.m. Particulars of the Auctioneers, Guilton, Ash, Canterbury.

### WANTED

**BERKS.** Near Goring or Stratford. For present or post-war occupation. Small Country House wanted with about 4 bedrooms and 1 or 2 bathrooms.—Box 156.

**HERTS.** Wanted. Modern House within daily reach of London. 5-6 bedrooms. Good garden ¼/3 acres. Good price will be paid for suitable freehold property. Particulars to "H. V. W." Alexandra House, Harpenden Road, St. Albans, Herts.

### FOR SALE

**BEDFORD** (near). For Sale Freehold 'attractive small L-shaped Georgian House' Mellowed brick and tiles. 1½ acres, 3 reception, nursery, 4 beds, bath, 2 w.c.s. All main services. Telephone. Power plugs throughout. Good range of brick outbuildings. Garage for 2 cars. Architect's 1944 report available for inspection at the house. Good bus and train services. Early possession. Price £3,750.—Box 157.

**DEVON.** For Sale, Ornamental Fish Ponds' affording excellent trout fishing and sanctuary for swans and wildfowl. In lovely setting on the old Haldon Estate, 4 miles from City of Exeter.—HEWITT & Co., 19, Barnfield Road, Exeter.

**KENT, TUNBRIDGE WELLS.** Well built House for Sale, freehold, with vacant possession. Facing open country in select residential area. South and west aspect, carriage sweep 50 yds. Three floors and basement, comprising 4 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, 2 kitchens, excellent domestic offices. Large coachhouse, stabling and cottage, good accommodation. Well kept garden, bowling green, greenhouse, toolshed, etc. 2 acres of lawn, kitchen gardens, orchard. Near golf course and hunting. Price £8,000. View by appointment.—Box 155.

**LINCS.** Excellent 200-acre Corn and Potato Farm. Modern house. Vacant possession.—Box 147.

**WALES (NORTH).** Cottage (re-built 1939) Living-room, bedroom, bathroom (h. & c.). All wood floors. Own water supply (gravity fed). Telephone. Garage and sheds. 8 large huts suitable pigs, poultry, dogs, etc. 3½ acres, all planted with young fruit trees, enclosed by a rabbit fence. Very beautiful situation, south aspect, sheltered, secluded, but only 15 minutes' walk from village and bus. Ideal for couple wishing to retire to the country, with an interesting occupation. £2,500. Vacant possession in autumn. 960 acres rough shooting (mostly rabbits) available at low rent. Fishing in vicinity.—J. S. DAVIS, Solihole, Beech Road, Heswall, Cheshire.

### TO LET

**DORSET.** Comfortable Modern Furnished House overlooking Parkstone golf course, to let for not less than 12 months. Near clubhouse and Bournemouth. 4 bedrooms (1 with dressing room and private bathroom), 2 large reception rooms and study, maid's small sitting-room. Beautiful views. 6 guineas a week or near offer, including linen, etc.—Box 133.

### ESTATE AGENTS

**BERKSHIRE.** MARTIN & POLE, READING, CAVERSHAM and WOKINGHAM.

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**DEVON AND S. AND W. COUNTIES.**—The only complete illustrated Register (Price 2s. 6d.). Selected lists free.—RIPON, BOSWELL & Co., F.A.I., Exeter. (Est. 1884).

**DEVON AND WEST DORSET.** Owners of small and medium-sized Country Properties, wishful to sell, are particularly invited to communicate with Messrs. SANDERS, Old Fore Street, Sidmouth, who have constant enquiries and a long waiting list of applicants. No sale—No fees.

**HAMPSHIRE AND SOUTHERN COUNTIES.**—22, Westwood Road, Southampton.—WALLER & KING, F.A.I. Business established over 100 years.

**LEICESTERSHIRE AND NORTHANTS.**—HOLLOWAY, PRICE & Co. (R. G. GREEN, F.S.I., F.A.I.), Auctioneers and Estate Agents, Market Harborough. (Est. 1809.)

**SHROPSHIRE**, border counties and North Wales for residences, farms, etc., write the Principal Agents—HALL, WATERIDGE AND OWEN, LTD., Shrewsbury. (Tel. 2081.)

**SUFFOLK AND EASTERN COUNTIES.** WOODCOCK & SON, Estate Agents, Surveyors, Valuers and Auctioneers. SPECIALISTS IN COUNTRY PROPERTIES. (Tel.: Ipswich 4334.)

**SUSSEX, SURREY, HAMPSHIRE and KENT.** To buy or sell a Country Estate, House or Cottage in these counties, consult A. T. UNDERWOOD & Co., Three Ridgeway, Sussex (Crawley 528), amalgamated with JOHN DOWLER & Co., Petersfield, Hants (Petersfield 359).

**SUSSEX AND ADJOINING COUNTIES.** JARVIS & CO., of Haywards Heath, specialists in High-class Residences and Estates, many of which are solely in their hands. Tel. 7.

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**YORKSHIRE AND NORTH LANCASHIRE COUNTIES.** Landed, Residential and Agricultural Estates—BARKER, Box 4, LEWIS, F.S.I., F.A.I., 4, Park Square, Leeds 1. (Tel. 23427.)



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In a first-class hunting district.

About 2¼ hours by rail to London.

Occupying a magnificent site about 500 feet above sea level.

THE RESIDENCE, which has been damaged by fire, will be sold in its existing condition. CAPITAL HUNTING AND STUD STABLES. Two excellent lodges. Modern Home farm. Several cottages. Aeroplane hangar and landing field. Ample water supply. Main electric light and power. Modern drainage.

### About 514 ACRES

The above FREEHOLD ESTATE will be offered for SALE by AUCTION as a Whole, or in Lots, on September 26th, 1944, at Melton Mowbray.

Solicitors: Messrs. MIDDLETON & Co. 52, John Street, Sunderland.

Auctioneers: Messrs. CURTIS & HENSON, 5, Mount Street, W.1.

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**SMALL TUDOR MANOR HOUSE** in old-world village. Wealth oak beams and period features. 3 beamed reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. Garage and buildings. Charming gardens, tennis court, orchard and paddocks. **14 ACRES. FREEHOLD, £25,200**, with vacant possession.—F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1 (entrance in Sackville Street). Tel.: Regent 2481.

### NEAR TUNBRIDGE WELLS

On high ground with fine views.



**COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE** recently entirely modernised ready for immediate occupation. 5 minutes from bus service. 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms. All main services. Garage. Well-stocked garden **1¼ ACRES. PRICE ONLY £4,250**, with possession.—F. L. MERCER & Co., as above.

### NORTH SURREY DOWNS

Glorious open position near golf course.



**MODERN TUDOR-STYLE COTTAGE** built 20 years ago to Owner's requirements. Lounge 28 ft. long, dining room, 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Exquisitely appointed throughout. Main services. Garage. Pretty bricked paths, specimen trees and shrubs, and a garden appealing to enthusiasts. **FREEHOLD, £3,500**, with vacant possession. F. L. MERCER & Co., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1 (entrance in Sackville Street). Tel.: Regent 2481.

By Direction of The Most Honourable the Marquess of Cholmondeley.

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King's Lynn 12 miles, Fakenham 7 miles. Close to Sandringham, Hunstanton and Brancaster.

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SUITABLE FOR INVESTMENT OR LARGE-SCALE MECHANISED FARMING

5 Farms, Accommodation Land and Cottages.

RENT ROLL £2,947 3s. 4d.

For SALE either as a WHOLE, in 2 BLOCKS, or in 38 LOTS

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THE BIRCHAM ESTATE - - - - - 1,474 ACRES

PART 2. As a WHOLE or in 7 LOTS.  
THE WEST RUDHAM AND HARPLEY ESTATE - 1,265 ACRES

SALE BY AUCTION at the GLOBE HOTEL, KING'S LYNN, on TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1944, at 3 p.m. (unless previously sold privately)

Particulars (price 2s. 6d.) may be obtained from: The Resident Agent—A. H. Munro, Esq., F.L.A.S., Estate Office, Houghton, King's Lynn.

The Solicitors: Messrs. Walters and Co., 9, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2, or the Auctioneers—

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IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF WARWICKSHIRE

Very privately offered, a famous ENGLISH FARM noted for its fertility, together with the finely placed small Period House of Tudor origin. 3 spacious reception, 7 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms. Co.'s electricity and water. Garage, stabling, etc., and well-kept gardens. The agricultural portion is one of the best-farmed in England, and present owner would be willing (if desired) to manage this area until new occupier could fully take over. The total area is over 260 ACRES, FREEHOLD, AND THE PRICE is £22,000.

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£1,450 FREEHOLD, WITH POSSESSION OF HOUSE

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**DEVON.** 175 ACRES. £6,750. Useful Dairy and Stock Farm, intersected by stream. 4 miles Exeter, bus passes. 350 ft. up. **CHARMING RESIDENCE.** Hall, 3 reception with parquet floors, bathroom, 6 bedrooms (2 h. and c.). Central heating. Electric light. Telephone. Garage, farmbuildings, accredited cowhouse for 30. 2 Cottages. Gardens, orchard, pasture, arable and wood. Possession September.—TRESIDDER & Co., 77, South Audley Street, W.1. (21,705)

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**TO BE SOLD WITH POSSESSION 6 MONTHS AFTER CESSATION OF HOSTILITIES WITH GERMANY**



THIS CHOICE FREEHOLD PROPERTY WITH COMFORTABLE RESIDENCE IN PERFECT CONDITION, AND FITTED WITH ALL UP-TO-DATE CONVENIENCES.

6 principal bedrooms, 5 maids' rooms, dressing room, 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, housekeeper's bedroom, oak-panelled entrance hall, studio or workshop, flower room, servants' hall, kitchen and complete domestic offices.

Company's electric light. Main water and drainage. Central heating. Vita glass windows in all sitting rooms. 3 heated garages. Excellent cottage and chauffeur's rooms. Heated range of greenhouses, fruit room, potting shed.

**THE GARDENS AND GROUNDS**

are of unusual charm and character, and are a special feature of the property. They are tastefully designed with Alpine rockery, lily garden (designed and laid out by R. Wallace and Co., Tunbridge Wells), herbaceous borders, beautiful shady walks, shrubberies and a rhododendron avenue, rose garden; natural miniature lake and boathouse; artistic summer-house; full-sized croquet lawn, bordered by clipped yew hedges; walled kitchen garden, etc.; the whole extending to an area of just over

**13 ACRES**

For full particulars and price, apply: Fox &amp; Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

**NEAR LYMINGTON, HANTS****COMFORTABLE FAMILY RESIDENCE**

*occupying a nice sunny position on the outskirts of the town.*

7 bedrooms (all fitted lavatory basins), 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, kitchen and offices.

Central heating. All main services.

GARAGE. SEMI-DETACHED COTTAGE.

WELL MATURED GROUNDS OF ABOUT

**3 ACRES****PRICE £5,500 FREEHOLD**

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IN EXCELLENT CONDITION THROUGHOUT

**FOR SALE****AN ATTRACTIVE RESIDENCE**

ALL ON TWO FLOORS.

8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 large reception rooms, Sun Loggia. Good domestic offices.

All main services, part central heating, 2 garages, good tennis court.

GARDENS AND GROUNDS of about

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**ON THE FRINGE OF THE NEW FOREST**

*1½ miles from a market town and about 14 miles from Bournemouth.*

**A COMFORTABLE SMALL MODERN RESIDENCE**

*occupying a secluded position away from the main road.*

6 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, kitchen. Main electric lighting. Spacious outbuildings.

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(ABOUT 6 MILES)

*In a favourite position just off a good main road with easy travelling facilities to London*

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WITH A BEAUTIFUL AND LUXURIOUSLY FITTED TUDOR PERIOD-STYLE HOUSE COMPLETE WITH EVERY CONCEIVABLE CONVENIENCE AND COMFORT

6 bedrooms (all fitted with h. & c. basins), 2 bathrooms, drawing room (24ft. by 18 ft.), oak panelled dining room (24ft. by 14ft.) with timbered ceiling and polished oak floor. Sun loggia. Maids' sitting room. Excellent kitchen and domestic offices.

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**DORSET**

*4 miles from Wimborne. 7 miles from Bournemouth.*

WITH POSSESSION AFTER THE WAR

**A DELIGHTFUL FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY**

WITH COMFORTABLE HOUSE IN GOOD REPAIR

9 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms. Lounge hall, Cloakroom. Good domestic offices.

Main electricity, gas and water. Central heating. Telephone. Attractive cottage. Garages. Stabling.

THE GROUNDS INCLUDE WALLED-IN KITCHEN GARDEN, ORCHARD, LAWNS AND TENNIS COURT AND ARE TASTEFULLY LAID OUT WITH SPECIMEN TREES AND RHODODENDRONS.

THE WHOLE EXTENDING TO AN AREA OF ABOUT

**10 ACRES****PRICE £6,000 FREEHOLD**

Fox & Sons, Land Agents, Bournemouth.

**TO BE SOLD FREEHOLD****HUNTLY LODGE ESTATE, ABERDEENSHIRE****MAGNIFICENTLY PLACED MANSION**

(Requisitioned)

*looking down a very fine Avenue.*

WALLED GARDENS, HARD TENNIS PICTURESQUE LODGE ENTRANCE, GARAGE, STABLES, SAW MILL, SEVERAL COTTAGES and FARM BUILDINGS

5 MILES OF SALMON AND TROUT FISHING



WELL MANAGED GROUSE MOOR  
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VALUABLE GRASS PARKS, SIX  
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In all nearly

**5,000 ACRES**

**GROSS RENTAL  
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Adjoining the beautiful River Dart with lovely views. Close to Torbay and Churston Station and Golf Links.

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LOWER GREENWAY FARMHOUSE

**THIS EXCELLENT FARM OF 236 ACRES**  
WITH A LOVELY SITUATION ADJOINING THE  
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GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE, 6 bed and bath. Good stone-  
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PARKLIKE MEADOWS SLOPING TO RIVER, WITH  
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SUPERIOR HOUSE. 5 beds, bath. EXCELLENT  
MODERN STONE BUILDINGS. Shippens for 13.  
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UNIQUE HOLDING ADJOINING A LOVELY BAY  
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ATTRACTIVE HOUSE, 4 beds.

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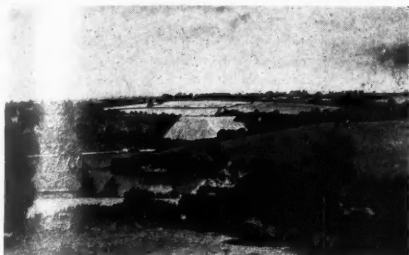
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CHARMING AND VALUABLE WOODLANDS.



VIEW OF ESTATE FROM BRIM HILL.



GALMPTON MILL FROM LOWER GREENWAY



A QUEEN ANNE COTTAGE.

## ALTOGETHER ABOUT 415 ACRES

FOR SALE BY AUCTION AS A WHOLE OR IN LOTS (if not previously disposed of) by JOHN D. WOOD & CO.  
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## SURREY

In a favoured district near the Kent Border. London 20 miles.

### AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSE

7 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, lounge hall, billiards room and 2 reception rooms

CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN SERVICES

GARDENER'S COTTAGE. GARAGE

WELL LAID-OUT GROUNDS. GOOD KITCHEN GARDEN AND ORCHARD

ABOUT 1½ ACRES

FREEHOLD TO BE SOLD

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION

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In an attractive situation. About 22 miles from London.

### MODERN HOUSE

5 bedrooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms. Companies' electricity and water. Modern  
drainage.

2 GARAGES.

GARDENER'S COTTAGE

ATTRACTIVE GARDENS. IN ALL NEARLY

3 ACRES

PRICE £7,500 FREEHOLD

WITH VACANT POSSESSION

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Absolute quiet. Safe area.

CENTRE of the NORFOLK BROADS

CHARMING HOUSE OF CHARACTER dating 1765. Completely modernised.  
Large reception, excellent offices, 6 bedrooms, bath, every convenience. Garage.  
Delightful gardens, orchard and kitchen garden, and a further 4 ACRES if required.

IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.

FREEHOLD, £4,800.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184,  
Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Ken. 0152.)

TRULY AN OLD-WORLD GEM IN WEST SUSSEX  
WITH ALMOST IMMEDIATE POSSESSION

FASCINATING PICTURESQUE TUDOR RESIDENCE of tremendous appeal  
with its oaken interior, open fireplaces built of old toned red brick, tiled roof with  
picturesque gables, chimney stacks, leaded lights and always much admired by all.  
In perfect order and containing 3 good reception, 5 nice bedrooms, modern bathroom  
and splendid offices. Company's water. Main electric light and power. Modern  
drainage. Garage and lovely old garden with lawns, paved paths. Tennis court,  
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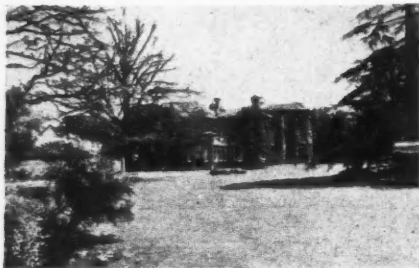
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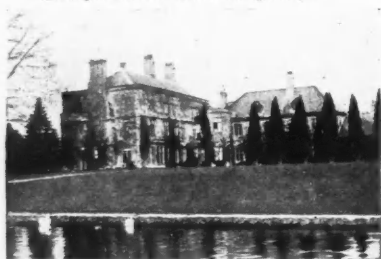
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3rd July, 1944

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## Mr. Chase to Mr. Gardener

9, The Grange, Chertsey, Surrey.  
SEPTEMBER.

DEAR MR. GARDENER,

Those of you who sowed French beans in July for a late crop should cover them now with cloches. Use your judgment about spacing: September is such a variable month that it is useless to lay down a hard and fast rule. If your district is vouchsafed a last flicker of summer with a few scorching days, you will open the cloches out to give more ventilation and prevent burning. On the other hand some Septembers are almost wintry, and in that case you will close the cloches right up and keep everything snug underneath.

### Sow Spring Cabbage and Cauliflowers now

Northern gardeners can sow spring cabbage under cloches this month. This sowing will, of course, be unnecessary if you made one in the open in July; but maybe the ground wasn't ready then, and that is just where the cloches come in—they give you an alternative later date as in this case. If you are accustomed to making an autumn sowing of cauliflowers you should do so at once in cold districts, while in the south the end of the month will be time enough. The plants should be cloched by the end of the month and will winter comfortably under cloches, being planted out of doors next March and cut in June. A good variety to use is "All the Year Round."

### Lettuce and Endive

Perhaps the most important Northern sowing this month is lettuce, which should go in about the last week, protected by cloches. Probably May King is the best variety. Southern gardeners should wait a month, but in their case they can make a last sowing of another valuable salad—endive. The lettuce can go in a seed-bed to be transplanted early in the New Year. On the other hand if you have cloches and ground to spare, you can sow very thinly with the idea of leaving the plants 4 ins. apart. Then half of them only need be transplanted, the others being allowed to grow on as they are. These plants, which mature where they are sown, will be cut earlier than the others and, other things being equal, will make finer hearts. In the case of endive, transplanting should certainly be eliminated if possible, as the crop does not appreciate it.

### Use Cloches for Ripening-Off your Onions

This month many people will be using their cloches for ripening-off. Spring-sown onions will have matured, but the ripening process is a very uncertain one in our climate. With cloches you can either cover them where they are, or, better still, pull them and place them all together on dry ground under a few cloches. In this way you economise in cloches, which ought to be in use elsewhere.

### A Mistake to Pick Tomatoes Green

What a lot of tomatoes are picked green every year, and what a pity this is! If you are very expert and very lucky, most of them can be ripened indoors. But they never taste as nice as when they are ripened on the plant. Gardeners should untie their plants and lay them down on dry ground or on peat or straw. Then cover with cloches.

*J.H. Chase*

*Illustration*

*Dress from the Autumn Collection in Marana, Dorville's soft wool.  
Dorville models are at most first-class stores. Wholesale only from  
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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCVI. No. 2485

SEPTEMBER 1, 1944



*Harlip*

## MISS AVRIL CURZON

Miss Curzon, who is the only daughter of the late Honourable Francis N. Curzon and the Honourable Mrs. F. N. Curzon, of Dores Lodge, near Inverness, works in the Pathological Laboratory of the Royal Northern Infirmary, Inverness.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## A TIDELESS THAMES?

IN all the many reports, surveys and plans relating to the reconstruction of London which have been produced during the past decade almost all have had something to say of the sorry and insignificant part which its great river plays in the metropolitan prospect. They all, to quote Sir Charles Bressey, betray a shame-faced conviction that London's most priceless possession has been treated for centuries past with contempt and indifference in a manner almost incomprehensible to travellers familiar with the zealous attention lavished on the river-front and waterways in other capitals. Many of the planners concerned have had ideas for beautifying particular reaches of the Thames; for opening up, for example, the south view of St. Paul's with a fitting architectural foreground; for removing for ever the feeling of reproach and despair which clings to the very words South Bank; for providing vantage points from which can be seen in all its original glory the magnificent sweep of Somerset House; for reviving Wren's proposal for placing the Halls of City companies on spacious lawns along a new City embankment. Few of our planners, however, go to the root of the matter and examine the one suggested project which might make possible not only a limited number of improvements on such lines—no one, of course, wishes to belittle their importance—but a complete transformation of the riverside both in the City and Port of London; a project which, if boldly carried through, would rid us once for all of unsightly and noisome mud-flats, of miles of unrelieved dreariness and shabby, colourless wharfage, and replace the turbulent current—a joy only if the tide were wholesome water—by a placid gently-flowing lake, a tideless Thames with unlimited opportunities for water sports and river transport.

At the beginning of the century a concise and radical plan for a barrage across the river at Gravesend was already in existence, but the Port of London Authority was in course of formation at the time and the very capable administrator selected as its first chairman came to the conclusion that the urgent reform of port affairs for which he was appointed might be retarded rather than helped by a "revolutionary" proposal for the removal of tides. Neither Lord Devonport nor his successor, Lord Ritchie, ever seriously examined the plan subsequently sponsored by the Thames Barrage Association for a barrage at Woolwich, though it was supported by municipal authorities and Thames-side associations from the Dockyard town to Richmond. Eventually in 1937 the Port Authority was induced by the Minister of Transport to agree to a public enquiry under its own auspices, but 24 hours before the day appointed the Government vetoed the enquiry at the instance of the Committee of Imperial Defence. The reason for the veto still remains wrapped in mystery: that it was deliberately

invited by the Port Authority itself seems to admit of no doubt. Presumably, however, the time will soon come when it will be possible for the defence objections to be stated in public, and then, it may be hoped, the vetoed enquiry will be held and the possibilities of the Thames Barrage explored from the point of view of London and its reconstruction.

It must not be assumed, of course, that the only, or even perhaps the chief, arguments in favour of a tideless Thames are based on questions of amenity. Other matters of equal importance are the transport of goods and particularly of food and fuel, passenger transport, fire protection, riparian property and the whole complex of London's sewage problems. Already there are plans in preparation to deal with transport and sewage which are estimated to cost £80,750,000. The barrage at Woolwich which would either solve or simplify the majority of the transport and sewage plans is estimated to cost about £4,500,000. Surely this is one of the fundamental questions which should be examined before hasty decisions in the realm of reconstruction are come to. Sir Charles Bressey, who believes in the plan, tells us that the Thames might outshine all the "capital" rivers of Europe in charm, dignity and interest if Londoners only willed it. "Aladdin's lamp is in our hands," he says, "but we refuse to rub it."

## UNCENSORED

WHAT can I tell you as I censored write  
That you may read the thought between the lines—

*The rose's colours are a warm delight,  
The winds, as ever, whisper in the pines?  
Maybe, in prison camps they say to you  
Your rosebed is a dream which spectres haunt,  
And the deep hollow where the lilies grew  
Is the abode of shadows, tall and gaunt.*

*Yet, in the script which alien eyes have scanned  
You'll find a bouquet that will tell you much,  
So much that none but you will understand,  
Remembering a rose, a scent, a touch.*

MAY I. E. DOLPHIN.

## SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS

THE Lutyens Memorial Committee's decision to collect and publish in a worthy form the works of the greatest British architect of our time is both pious and realistic. Like Wren, Sir Edwin Lutyens has raised his own memorial, in the outstanding buildings of a generation. It is for all those who loved the man and recognise his irreplaceable genius to ensure that a full record of his immense output—buildings, monuments, craftsmanship and gardens—with detailed plans, is made now, while it is intact and memories are fresh, in a form accessible to students not here only but throughout the world. In this way, and by the Scholarship that it is intended to establish, the ideals of which he was so consummate an exponent—perhaps the last in the great line taking its rise in the Renaissance—can most effectively be transmitted to posterity. It is intended that the fund now opened (Treasurer, the Viscount Esher, 13, Mansfield Street, W.1) will enable the memorial volumes, to which subscribers will be entitled at a preferential rate, to assume a nature and scope beyond what could be produced without such a guarantee, and that the balance shall then be applicable to endowing the Scholarship. The volumes, three or more of folio size, will be published by Country Life, and so in one of the most successful of his earlier buildings. Of the authors, Mr. Christopher Hussey is well known to readers of this paper; Mr. A. S. G. Butler, a noted architect and former pupil of Sir Edwin, is already author, in *The Substance of Architecture*, of a penetrating study of the humanist basis of the great buildings of our civilisation.

## FOOD HABITS

*Toujours perdrix!* September again, but few people, in these days, can complain that they receive any of the foods of "high life" too often, and one is tempted to regard as fables those records of apprentices who stipulated against salmon more than so many days a week. In a sense, however, it is well that war-

time feeding keeps Man so much to those staples which can be eaten continually without revulsion—bread and potatoes in this country, macaroni in Italy, rice in the Far East. The whys and wherefores of human tolerance and satiety have been discussed in a recent book, H. D. Renner's *Origin of Food Habits*, which might almost make a reader wish to become a Chinese for a time, since he would then no more hunger for beef or butter—both of which are said to be disliked by that race. Our food preferences are full of puzzles: M. André Maurois once suggested that the eating of sweets is "not considered manly in England" because sweets accord ill with the bitter taste of that manly beverage, beer. May we, then, find a *per contra* reason for the old idea that no lady should enjoy cheese? Mr. Renner does not say. But he does tell us how relatively recent some of our popular likings are: for example, "strawberries had been considered a great delicacy and had been very rare" until "it was discovered that rich crops could be obtained by the use of horse-manure and the like." On the other hand, a preference for white bread is very much older and far better founded than some modern propagandists suggest. In our own age the sometime staff of life has become so much a vehicle for other foods that the way in which it cuts counts for more than its taste or flavour—at least in Britain and America. Our national liking for toast may probably be traced to the past conditions of village life, when bread was so often stale.

## A DREAM OF GOLF BALLS

THERE is one rule that we all try to obey in war-time, even if not always with perfect success, namely not to grumble at our deprivations. Among these is one supremely unimportant but nevertheless distressing, a want of golf balls. A lost ball is to-day a real tragedy and the statutory period of five minutes is not nearly long enough for the agonised search which ensues. As to the man who, having given up the game, will positively give us a ball or two, we are ready to fall on his neck. So it is good news that has lately been published, not the result, let us hope, of mere wishful thinking, that there will soon be more and better golf balls. The manufacturers, it is said, have softened the heart of the Board of Trade, so that it has agreed to release a certain quantity of balata, and that ought to mean at least better covers for reconditioned balls. An insane hope springs up in the elderly golfer's heart that he will soon be driving farther again. He has for some time been reduced either to very old and battered specimens or to those re-covered with inferior material, and his driving has grown shorter than would have been, in ordinary circumstances, inevitable with the gliding of the years. Now that the manufacturers are once more to be allowed to use some new material, there may come a miraculous rejuvenation.

## GLAMOUR HOSE

E. V. LUCAS once wrote a pathetic little essay about those who wished to deceive the world into a belief that they had been on the moors but lacked the wherewithal. In particular he described one who regularly disappeared from his London haunts on August 12 and returned in three weeks beautifully bronzed, not by grouse-shooting but by Brighton pier. We ought to be very gentle to these ingenious souls, and so we ought to the ladies who, we are told, in default of coupons and so of silk stockings, want their legs bronzed. Some ladies look charming without stockings, and others less so. So the ambition for what are apparently called "glamour hose," an entrancing name which is in itself worth the money, is a laudable one. It seems that one of the best prescriptions is within the reach of all, since it consists of gravy, which has an admirable browning effect. It also has a disadvantage. Du Maurier once drew a picture of a gentleman who decided to do his own marketing, a feat rarer then than now, and brought home his own leg of mutton. He is depicted as followed by a troop of dogs, some of them alarmingly large and all sniffing greedily. The same thing might befall these ladies and some dogs might even venture on a predatory lick.



# A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES...

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THE world of dogs may be divided into two classifications: those who consider a popular sea beach the most wonderful place in the world, and those who loathe the sight, sound and smell of salt water, and its adjuncts. There is also, I think, just a hint of class distinction about it, for the beach regulars are for the most part of very doubtful lineage, and obviously belong to those people who are not vastly interested in the welfare of their pets, seeing that the dogs arrive on the shore at breakfast time, and remain there fraternising with the visitors and squabbling among themselves until dusk. As the dog who has a recognised place in the home is always a first-class snob I imagine there is some loss of caste if one joins the noisy mob on the sands, and so the "old school tie" dogs trot soberly along with their masters on the promenade and do not see the vulgar crowd below. All this, however, should have been written in the past tense, for the days of gregarious beach frivolities are in most places temporarily over, or at any rate only beginning to come back.

IN the spring of 1939 I stayed for a time at a well-known seaside resort, which, like the weather, must be nameless as one does not talk about such things to-day, and I noticed that every day the same dogs arrived on the sands at the same time and whiled away the hours of daylight among the visitors on the shore. To-day, however, at the same place I have found that this care-free purposeless life has ended for the duration of the war, for this popular resort is now devoted to other pursuits, so that a big stretch of the sands is occupied by members of our sea and land forces; and, as a beach dog is apparently not in one of the reserved occupations, every one of them has been called up and posted by the O.C. Beach Dogs, or some recognised authority, to one or other of the services.

THERE is one party of some six dogs, who are apparently in command of some coloured troops whose task it is to land damaged vehicles from small landing craft, and the impending arrival of one of these vessels is noted by the canine fatigue party long before the humans bestir themselves. Immediately the snub-nosed boat grounds on the sands the dogs swarm up the gangway to carry out an inspection of the cargo, but this is seldom possible as usually they are met at the top of the gangway by the dog who commands the ship and who orders them back again. His authority is not questioned and, having satisfied themselves that there is some cargo to be unloaded, they race up to the portable crane to see that it is run into position, and then supervise the ensuing operations.

Among other canine regulations there is obviously an arbitrary rule that no dog must stray into an area already allotted to another unit. If the exigencies of the situation demand that a landing craft comes up in front of a searchlight detachment the rank and file of the unit do not object, but the dogs attached to the Anti-Aircraft Defences do, for they control the beach in front of the post, and no members of another branch of the service are allowed to trespass in any circumstances. In the same way it is extremely difficult for a sailor dog to obtain



Dudley Styles

## EVENING: GAWSWORTH HALL, NEAR MACCLESFIELD, CHESHIRE

shore leave, as there is always a picquet at the beach end of the gangway who is, as far as one can see, far more officious and aggressive than any human member of the calling.

\* \* \*

SINCE I remember the Indian Runner duck as a contemporary of the old Cochon China, the Plymouth Rock, and the then quite fashionable *débutante* to our hen-runs, the Buff Orpington, I imagined they were an indigenous breed in this country—or as near an indigenous breed as anything we possess, for there is, I believe, no proof as to the period when the domestic fowl was introduced to the British Isles. The game variety, and possibly the Leghorns, were probably a legacy of the Roman occupation, and since then, as we extended our contact with the outer world, we have added varieties from Spain, China and the Malay States, altering many of them to suit our fancy and evolving new breeds. As a case in point one might quote the bird our grandparents knew as the Plymouth Rock, which has been re-modelled, re-bred and generally re-conditioned and is now known by the fashionable name of Light Holland Blue. I expect I shall get into severe trouble for a wild statement like this, for I have no proof that the popular and recently discovered Light Holland Blue is descended from the out-of-date Plymouth Rock of the past.

\* \* \*

THE Indian Runner duck of those days was, so far as I remember, the common farmyard duck of various colours as distinct from the aristocratic Aylesbury and Rouen types, and I imagined always that it was a descendant of, and improvement on, the ordinary wild mallard, which it resembles. In my boyhood we had a number of them who lived on the moat round the house, and incidentally always laid their eggs in it. When the drake of this small family became a fox casualty a wild mallard drake, who had nested in the moat and who had lost his mate in the same way, took over the harem, became domesticated, and ultimately submitted to being shut up at night with them.

\* \* \*

I HAVE recently seen on the poultry farm of an expert some pure Indian Runners, and apparently they are a foreign breed and have quite a historical past. They were brought to this country some two centuries ago from, it was thought, Southern India, but there was some mystery about this, as there is no domesti-

cated duck in India which resembles the pure Indian Runner. Quite recently the original type was re-discovered in the island of Lombok between Java and Sumbawa, and here they lead an extraordinary existence, as the flock owners are semi-nomad and walk their birds through the paddy fields from village to village. Each night they are penned up in the settlement, and in the morning, after the eggs have been laid and disposed of locally, the flock starts its long march again to the next village, covering sometimes 15 miles in the day.

\* \* \*

WITH regard to these new breeds of dogs, ducks, chickens and pigeons which are being constantly evolved, established and put on the market, the one thing that some of their progenitors (I think this is the right word in this connection) insist upon is that they are not a new breed at all, but in fact a very old and valuable one recently discovered, and it is this which makes them so attractive—and expensive. Years ago when I lived in the most westerly of the Libyan oases there was a common rumour among the Arabs that there was another oasis lying in the heart of the desert to the far west which some lost travellers had seen when on the point of death from thirst, but which no one had ever entered. Its name was Zarzura, and the people who lived in it were supposed to have had no contact with the outside world for over 2,000 years.

\* \* \*

I MADE two exploring expeditions to find this oasis; not because I was told that it was of gold and ivory, but because of the unique opportunity it offered from a commercial point of view so far as livestock was concerned. If I had discovered it I should most certainly have "found" there at least one special variety of dog, say the Zarzura Ostrich hound, and possibly a smaller one for a household pet, such as the Zarzura Iguana terrier, the fact that there are no iguanas in this country being an asset, as no one would have been able to try them out for gameness. Then with the help of an expert poultry breeder I would have put on the market the Zarzura Langshan, a splendid table bird and excellent layer, descended from ancient Ptolemaic stock; and possibly a new duck if the other lines proved a success. I pass on the idea to would-be explorers, but as the Long Distance Desert Patrols under Bagnold crossed and re-crossed this desert during the "Wavell push" I am afraid that Zarzura, like my bogus dogs and poultry, must remain a myth.

# JAMES, MY TYRANT

Written and Illustrated by FRANCES PITT

FOR over three years James has reigned as tyrant of my workroom. He early annexed the only armchair and made his headquarters under its cushion, for Jimmy is a squirrel, a red squirrel of purest British breed, and as completely adorable as only a squirrel can be.

When little Miss Felix, the squirrel baby who was brought up by a cat, died unexpectedly, and my dear old lady, Jenny Squirrel (Figs. 6 and 7) faded out of existence, there was a blank indeed. No pattering feet scampered about the room, no naughty teeth ripped the binding off books or tore the labels off negative-boxes, and no little soft warm form crept in under one's jacket. Then came Jimmy and Timmy, very small and helpless babies. A timber-felling man, chopping down trees to help meet the nation's war-time needs for oak and ash, had felled a tree in which was a squirrel's drey. That drey, or nest, contained two tiny squirrels, both males, soon to be known as James and Timothy.

Tim seemed a strong youngster, but Jim appeared to be a fragile little thing. If a cat with kittens had been available the task of saving them would not have been so formidable, but as it was I feared it would be a difficult job; indeed I had little hope of rearing Jimmy. Timothy, I thought, might perhaps pull through.

With an eye-dropper, a short piece of bicycle-valve tubing to make a teat, and some warm new milk, I began my task. It was no light one. To cut short the story of troubles and difficulties, of squirrel babies crying in the night, of one—of course it was Jimmy—having convulsions, when I thought he was gone, and endless other worries, let me say it was strong, lusty Timothy who slipped through my hands and weakly Jimmy who survived. Suddenly I realised that little Jim was curling his diminutive tail over his back (Fig. 4), that he was able

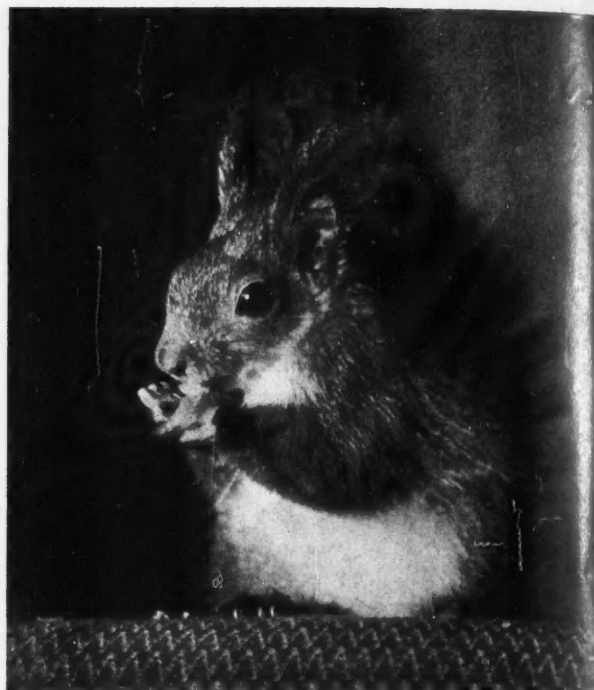
to eat solid food (Fig. 3) and wanted to play. He began to hop and skip, to roll on his back and pretend to bite my fingers; indeed he used his new teeth so hard that there was not much pretence about it! In short, the woebegone mite for whose life I had despaired was transformed into a happy, healthy, rollicking young squirrel, so full of joy that he did not know how to stop dancing about.

Jenny had been a gentle little person, who played, but in a sedate manner, and was never rough. She never used her teeth too hard and was ever ready to lick my fingers with an affectionate tongue.

Jimmy, of course, was a buck, which made all the difference. He was very affectionate, but no one could describe him as gentle; indeed he was quite a little ruffian at times. He would hop, skip, dance, rush at me, grab my fingers, roll over on his back, shut his eyes and savage me, when both teeth and claws left their mark. But it was all so well meant, being merely the result of sheer delight and joy, that I just let my small tyrant wreak his worst upon me.

The young squirrel had now got a lovely plume-like tail, a beautiful coat and ear-tufts

over an inch in length. He made me think of an Elizabethan gallant. He had not got a ruff or a sword, but he was a fine young fellow full of swagger and masculine devilment.



1.—JIMMY IN HIS FULL WINTER COAT



2 and 3.—BABY JIMMY TAKING HIS "BOTTLE" AND (below) STARTING TO EAT SOLID FOOD



Even in his inexperienced youth there was nothing shy about James. Jenny was ever timid with visitors, but Jimmy has always loved them. A stranger, particularly a strange man, is a great thrill, providing a new field of exploration. The squirrel runs to meet him, sniffs his leg, then climbs aloft and looks him over most carefully. Lady visitors are also welcomed, but unfortunately most of them scream when sharp claws, like rose thorns, dig through their thin stockings and into the skin underneath. Not that this daunts Jimmy; he merely continues his investigations, but it daunts Jimmy's mistress—I beg his pardon, I mean his devoted slave!—who feels it her duty to rescue the suffering visitor.

The only two occasions on which I have seen James perturbed or put out of the way by visitors were first by a lady artist, who for some unexplainable reason really frightened him—he went into hiding under a bookcase and refused to come out until she had gone—and second when my brother and a carpenter came into the room to remove a lock from a piece of furniture and the noises they made upset him. Then James was really scared. He ran in panic round and round and I had much ado to stop his mad career, get him tucked under my coat and take him into another room.

Ordinarily James spends most of his time in my workroom, where, as I mentioned earlier, he makes, or rather did make, his headquarters in the only armchair. No one else has dared to use that chair since he claimed it as his own three years ago. It is his chair. Although I take him into other rooms, including the drawing-room, which has a big window and long curtains that make a grand gymnasium, he has to return to his accustomed sleeping place as soon as he feels weary. The fact is that from a boisterous, frolicking youngster, Jimmy has gradually been transformed into a very handsome, middle-aged bachelor squirrel, decidedly set in his ways. He is still lively and swift in his movements, he still plays madly, but there is no doubt that at three years of age James likes things "just so."

Until quite recently Jimmy had never met any other squirrel; at least not since poor little Timothy died. Whether he realised there were other squirrels in the world is hard to say. He seemed well contented with only human company, though possibly he may have had disturbing dreams. However, he seemed perfectly happy lording it over me, with his early morning tea served punctually at 6.10—all my squirrels have preferred weak sweet tea to milk or other drink—followed by breakfast of nuts and biscuit a little later and a good romp whenever he felt like one. The rest of his programme varied according to the season. From January to the beginning of April he took life comparatively quietly, being contented with





4.—JIMMY BEGINS TO CURL HIS TAIL OVER HIS BACK



5.—ANOTHER YOUTHFUL PICTURE



6.—JENNY IN OLD AGE

exercise and a good meal in the morning, after which he retired to his nest for the remainder of the 24 hours.

The British red squirrel does not hibernate in the proper sense of the term, that is to say it does not fall into the profound torpor of a dormouse or the bats, but it spends much of the winter time in its well-made, snug drey. But as spring advances it becomes more and more lively and is soon out and about at all hours, though probably taking a mid-day nap to rest tired muscles.

During the passing seasons a squirrel alters greatly in appearance. Jimmy in full winter garb (Fig. 1) has amazing ear tufts, a soft thick jacket so grey in hue as to surprise those who do not know the winter pelage of the red squirrel, and a tail which when turned in an inverted S over his back almost eclipses him. The moult is nearly completed by midsummer, when a truly red squirrel appears, though this phase does not last long, the winter coat being re-acquired in autumn. Owing to his sheltered life James has a particularly lovely tail, of exceptionally dark rich hue, but squirrels in the wild, exposed to sunshine, rain and wind, soon lose this dark colour, their hair, especially the long hair of the tail, bleaching until in some cases it becomes a pale drab hue. This is a characteristic of the British race of the red squirrel, *Sciurus vulgaris*, which bears the scientific name of *S. v. leucourus*.

But the geographic races of the red squirrel are not our concern here, for the purpose of this article is to tell of what befell poor James. I had long been anxious to get him a companion, a "girl friend" to play with him and enliven his days. I had sent out an S.O.S. among timber-fellers and others working in the woods, I had advertised for a young squirrel, but all in vain, and I had abandoned hope.

I was sitting in my workroom making

pretence to write, but really petting and stroking Jimmy (who had crept in under my coat, where he was likewise pretending to be asleep, though his eyes opened every time I stopped stroking), when the telephone rang.

"Hullo! Who's that?"

"We've got you a squirrel, Miss Pitt; a lovely little squirrel. Come at once and get it," said an excited voice, which I heard quite well, despite the fact that Jimmy, now abandoning all pretence of sleepiness, was trying to poke

his nose between the receiver and my ear. I jumped to my feet, while James leapt on to a chair, and departed in haste, but it was not very long before I was back again, bringing Jemima Bobtail Shrimpton with me.

She (yes, by most marvellous luck it was a young female) had by some freak of circumstances been found scampering on a high road, had been chased and caught, and was none the worse for her adventures save for the loss of the tip of her tail; hence she was given yet another name, so that her full title ran Jemima Bobtail Shrimpton Pitt.

She was about half-grown and well able to fend for herself. None of the troubles that I had had to face in James's case were likely to be met with; indeed, she immediately took a piece of bread that had been dipped in milk and ate it hungrily. She next accepted a nut and nibbled that in a most business-like manner. She was perfectly tame and remarkably confiding. However, I did not hurry over introducing her to James, for one reason because I wanted her to get used to me, and for another because of fleas. Wild squirrels invariably have many "vermin"; however, it is easy enough to get rid of them. All one has to do is to change the "blankets" each morning (Jemima curled herself up in two flannelette dusters) and slay any fleas found on them. The "all clear" was sounded within three days, but I let a week elapse and then the presentation was made. My fears that Jimmy might not welcome her were immediately allayed. He was a trifle nervous, somewhat inquisitive, but quite kindly. Merely to find out what she was he tried to nibble her nose.

"How dare you, sir!" squeaked Jemima like an early Victorian maiden, and James leapt aside in alarm; but soon he was having another sniff. The old bachelor had "fallen" for her and I felt all would be well.

Jemima started forth to explore the room, and I watched her progress with amazement. Her feats made Jim appear quite static, yet I had always regarded him as the embodiment of swift motion. She sprang lightly from chair to table, from the writing-table to another table and then the armchair. In less time than it



7.—JENNY IN MIDDLE LIFE



8.—JEMIMA (left) AND JIMMY AT LUNCH

takes to tell she was on the top of a high bookcase. I realised with some misgiving that the tables that had hitherto served as a safe place for books, cameras, etc., were no longer security areas, but quite the reverse.

Jimmy followed her soberly, and when she paused in her career to eat a nut he took the opportunity to have another sniff, but again she said "How dare you!" However, the protest sounded a mere convention and James was not so startled; indeed he too picked up a nut, sat up beside her and began to gnaw it. There they sat, each with his or her tail curled over the back, nuts in paws, James resplendent with his great plume-like tail and tufted ears, Jemima much smaller, but, nevertheless, a perfect squirrel. I knew all was well.

That night Jemima declined to return to the basket and declared it was her intention to sleep where Jenny always had her headquarters, that is on the bookshelf, in a corner, where a small picture is propped against the wall. I arranged her "blankets" for her and she tucked herself beneath them. Jimmy went to bed as usual under the cushion in the armchair. Alas! poor Jimmy, it was his last night of long-accustomed peace. The following afternoon, after the two of them had been scampering about and little Jemima had got quite tired, she suddenly jumped on the chair, slipped under the cushion, and no doubt curled herself up in

Jim's nest. I looked round from my writing to see him sitting on the arm of the chair with a bewildered air. After a minute or two he jumped to the ground, hopped across to me, climbed on to my knee, crept in under my coat and wriggled his way round until he was in the middle of my back just between and above the shoulder-blades. This is a favourite resting-place. He stayed there, very quiet, except for an occasional wriggle, until perhaps an hour later, when Jemima came out. I heard her hop on to the floor, and no doubt Jimmy did so too, for in a moment he had crept forth and was sitting on my shoulder looking down on the little imp. He watched her for a minute, then dropped to the ground, ran to the chair and slipped into bed.

If Jimmy had been wise he would have stayed there and kept the young lady out. In the meantime she was hopping, skipping and playing, pretending to worry my fingers, rolling over on her back, kicking her little red legs in the air and generally having a high time. The sound of all this happy romping was too much for James, and he had to come out again. I knew the outcome only when I looked into the room last thing in the evening to find Jemima had again taken Jim's bed and he, in desperation, had had to join her therein.

But this does not complete the story of Jimmy's downfall. From the first Jemima had

set her heart on making a nest on the bookshelf. I really believe it was just mischief that caused her to annex his bed; having done so she went back to her corner and took James with her! After three years' use of the armchair he has deserted it to sleep with the naughty little imp.

Jemima is indeed an imp. Nothing is safe from her; she must use her keen young teeth and loves to exercise them on the backs of books, camera-cases, negative-boxes and so on, but, just as Jimmy has fallen for her, so have I, and I know she will do just as she likes with both of us.

James may be my tyrant, but a super-tyrant has arisen who is going to rule us both with a whisk of her brush and a glance of her large dark eyes. As I write she has run to Jimmy, who is eating a nut, put one arm lovingly round his neck, and taken the nut out of his paws (Fig. 9). Jimmy has meekly let her have it. Poor James!

Never was there such a squirrel as Jemima. She gets more and more active every day. She climbs picture-cords as if they were honeysuckle ropes, she jumps 6 ft. without effort to my outstretched hand and she leads both Jimmy and me a great dance, but she would melt a heart of stone. She licks Jimmy with her little red tongue, and he looks at me as if to say "Oh, this girl! But she is a dear, you know."

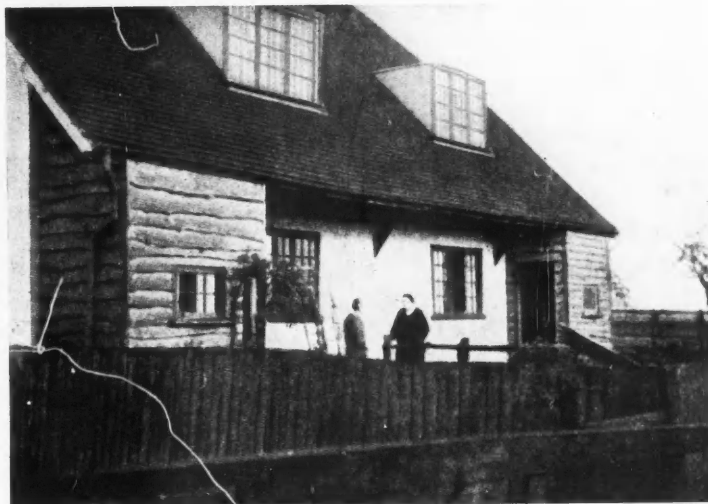
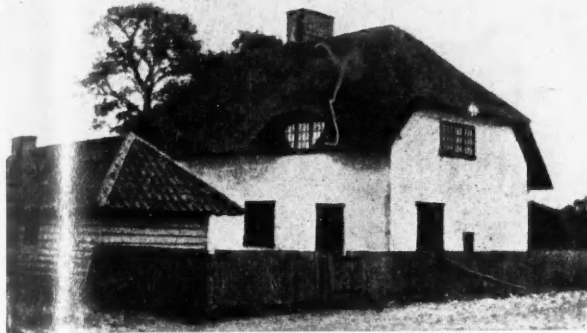


9.—JEMIMA TAKING JIMMY'S NUT. (Right) 10.—A FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF JIMMY IN HIS SUMMER COAT



# COTTAGE FLATS

By V. A. MALCOLMSON



(Above)—HOW PORCHES ARE FITTED UNDER THE OVERHANGING ROOF

(Left)—A PAIR OF DUAL PURPOSE COTTAGES FROM THE BACK

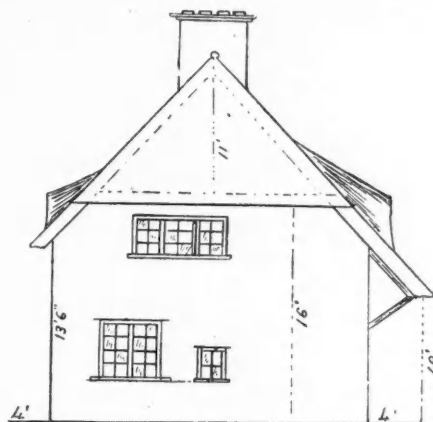
VERY real problem in rural areas is the provision of a home for the elderly agricultural worker, or perhaps his widow, at a rent that they can afford to pay. If it can be done two objects are attained. The cottage previously occupied becomes available for a younger married couple, and the elderly obtain a home such as they require.

The introduction of the cottage flat may help to solve the problem and to make it possible to provide alternatively one home or two homes in the same house. They take the form of a pair of six-room cottages, divisible into four flats.

Features of the design are : a single chimney stack providing flues for four rooms in each house; the thatch roof (preferably of Norfolk reeds) which has the advantage over tiles in that its depth provides a natural overhang protecting the windows from wind and rain and so helping to keep the house warm and dry; the roof in the front overhanging for a distance of several feet, so covering the 4-ft. brick-paved walk; weatherboard porches may be added over this walk and under the roof.

Materials : for walls, 9-in. brick or 11-in. hollow walls; centre partition walls, 12-in. brick; partitions, 4½-in. brick or breeze; roof, thatch or tiles.

The position of the staircase is important for convenience, light, and ventilation. When the building is divided into flats, a door beside the foot of the staircase forms the entry to the lower flat. The rooms are light and airy, and



END ELEVATION, SHOWING OVERHANGING ROOF

where they may conflict with the regulations of local by-laws (as I am aware that the design does in some particulars), such objections would never be upheld by any competent housing authority. Under the Housing Acts of 1919 and 1930, local by-laws may be overruled by the Ministry of Health.

The cost of building in the near future can only be hypothetical. Even if it were £1,000 per pair of houses (i.e. four flats), this must be

set against the vacating of four family houses costing to build, at the same rate, £2,000.

Were the same encouragement to build available to private persons as is accorded to local authorities, we get the following hypothetical balance sheet :

## DUAL PURPOSE COTTAGES

Cost of building at (say) £750 each	£1,500
Less Ministry of Agriculture subsidy at £150 per house	300
	£1,200

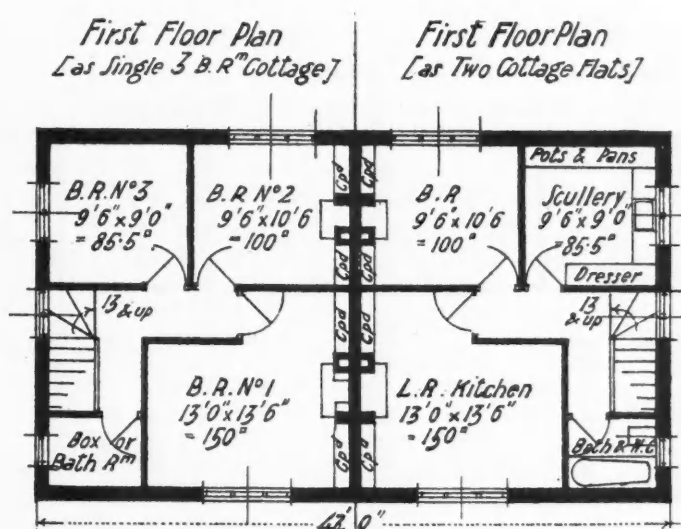
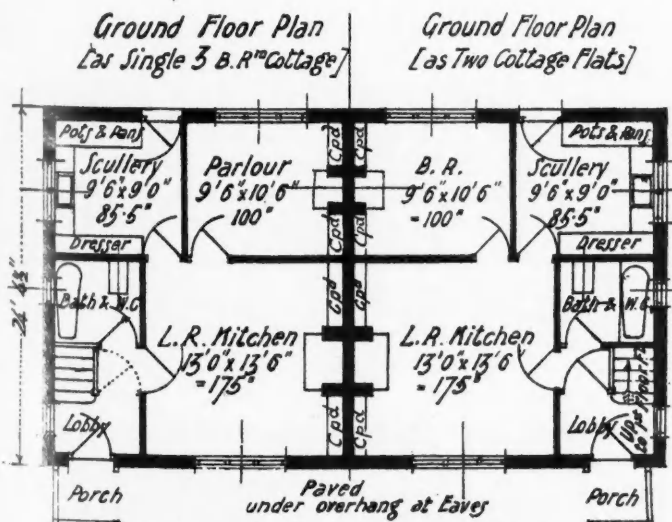
## ANNUAL INCOME

	£	s.	d.
Rent at 7s. per week per house...	36	8	0
Ministry of Health subsidy at £10 per house for 40 years	20	0	0
County Council subsidy	2	0	0
Rating Authority subsidy	2	0	0
Gross Income	£60	8	0

## ANNUAL CHARGES

	£	s.	d.
Rates of 12s. 6d. in the £1 on rateable value of £20	12	10	0
Schedule A at 10s. in the £ on £20	10	0	0
Maintenance at average of 1s. per week per house	5	4	0
Fire insurance at 1s. 6d. per cent.	1	2	6
War Damage insurance at 2s. in the £ on assessment valuation	2	0	0
Total Charges	£30	16	6

Net Income—£29 11s. 6d.  
2½ per cent. on £1,200 = £30.



PLANS, AS ARRANGED FOR TWO 3-BEDROOM COTTAGES, OR FOR FOUR FLATS



# MEMORIES OF REX WHISTLER

By EDITH OLIVIER

*The death in action in Normandy of Lieut. Rex Whistler, Welsh Guards, was announced on July 28.*

**R**EX WHISTLER lived to be six years older than did Sir Philip Sidney, and each of their deaths in battle evoked from his contemporaries something of the same emotion. After the death of Sir Philip, the Dutch Minister wrote: "What perfection he was grown unto, and how able to serve her Majesty and his country, all men here almost wondered at."

Those words are appropriate to-day. It was his fellow poets who most of all lamented Sir Philip, and their elegies can still be read testifying, as they do, to a sense of bereavement which seemed universal. Rex Whistler possessed this same vital gift for winning love, not only from his fellow artists but from his Army comrades, and from a crowd of people in all walks of life. It is curious too that, like Sir Philip Sidney, he had made a second home at Wilton, where for the last 19 years of his life, the park and streams and meadows which inspired Sidney's *Arcadia* were also Rex's loved and familiar haunts.

Many people feel most of all about Rex that he was killed when his work had hardly begun, and yet he had outlived by two years the age of Raphael, and his output was by no means small. One ought really to be aware rather of accomplishment than of frustration, and to realise that he made the best possible use of his gifts of swift and original conception, and of lightning execution. He did a great deal in those 14 years between his leaving the Slade School and his joining the Army.

Versatility, gaiety, beauty, humour and swiftness are the words which first occur to the mind in thinking of him; but scholarship ought to come first. It was hidden in all the other qualities, and entered into each; but he wore his scholarship so lightly that many of his admirers are not aware that it was this which made his fun so funny. His knowledge showed him what was congruous, and his racy imagination lit up every incongruity. From this two-sided vision came his sense of humour.



WILTON HOUSE

Where Rex Whistler had his second home. One of his rare easel pictures

During his last year at the Slade, Rex much wanted to enter for the scholarship which would have given him two years' study in Rome—always, for him, the Celestial City of his pilgrimage. At the time it seemed rather unaccountable that Professor Tonks should discourage this ambition, telling his brilliant young pupil that Rome would wait for him for another year or two. But Tonks knew that the Directors

of the Tate Gallery would shortly be seeking an artist to decorate their restaurant with mural paintings, and that, if Rex were chosen, it might be even more advantageous to his work than a year in Rome, while it would also bring great honour to the Slade. Tonks was right. The project materialised just about the time when Rex would have been in Rome, and he was given the commission. He was then 20, and in the following 18 months he invented, designed and carried out the brilliant series of paintings called *The Pursuit of Rare Meats* which now delight the eyes of those who eat their meals in the tea-room of the Tate.

Italian frescoes have not to stand up to the test which proved so fatal to those painted by the Pre-Raphaelites in the Union at Oxford—the damp of the English climate. Rex knew this, and he took immense

trouble over preparing the wax medium which he used on canvas applied to the wall surface, so that his pictures were not irremediably ruined when, a couple of years after their completion, the Thames flooded into the Tate Gallery, and the restaurant was partly submerged. The *Pursuit of Rare Meats* was under water for more than a week. This was a severe trial for the work of a comparatively inexperienced painter, and that his work stood the test shows that, even at that age, he was a technician as well as an artist. He used the same technique for his later mural decorations.

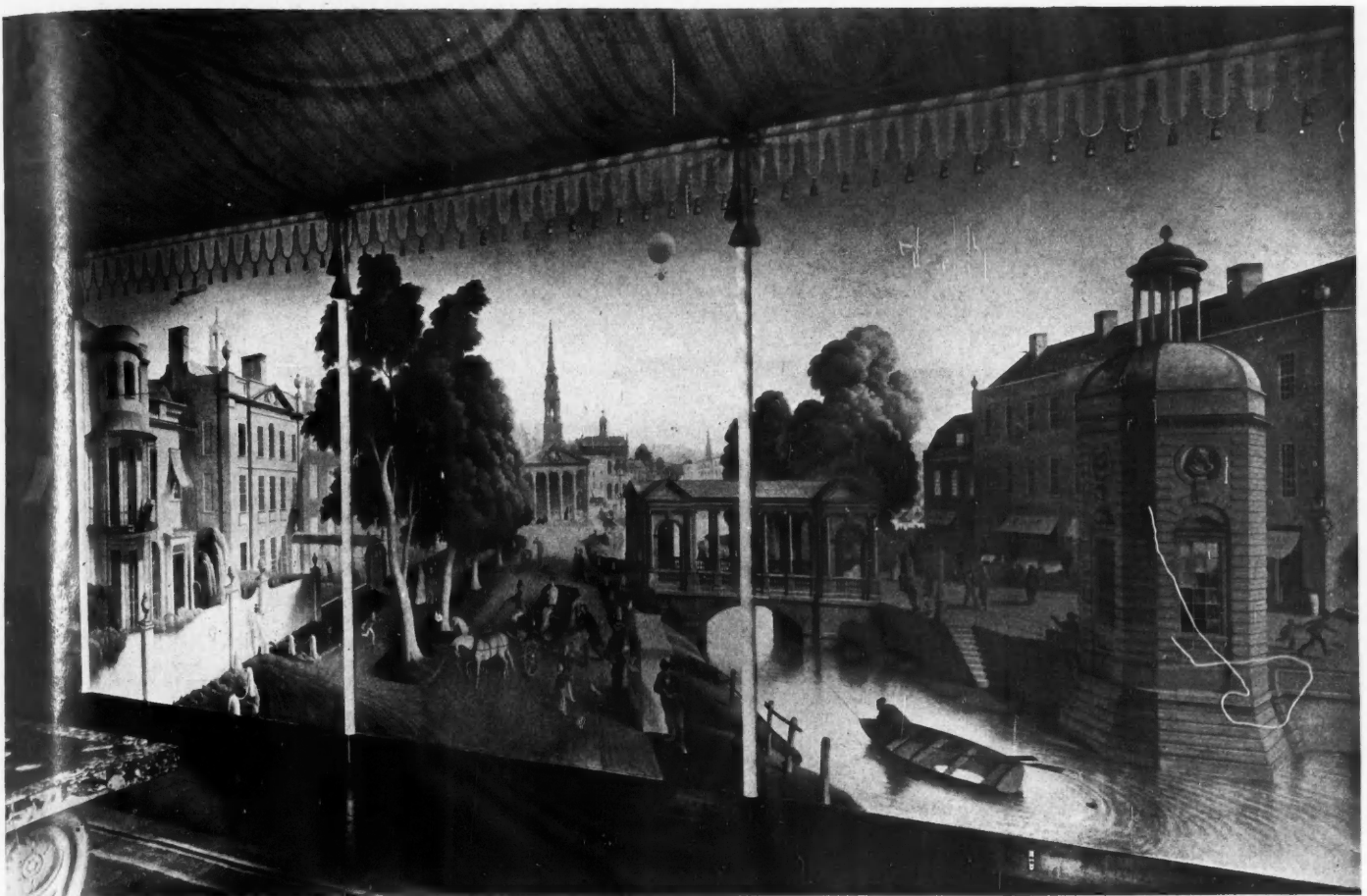
The Tate Gallery paintings exhibit characteristics of Rex Whistler's genius which distinguished it to the end. First of all, his unflinching visual memory. Most of this early work of his was carried out without any models at all. In the course of their journey round the world, these romantic hunters are presumed to have visited every Continent, and to have passed by many famous buildings. Everywhere there crops up a mischievous touch of caricature, playing upon buildings which are nevertheless, in nearly every case, architecturally correct. Rex revelled in painting trees, and his forests and fields are pastorals in Paradise. Amazing people and legendary beasts abound upon, or bound across, the walls, generally in most unexpected though realistic attitudes, and their poses were all created in the painter's memory and imagination.

The rollicking fun and gaiety of the Tate Gallery pictures jump to the eye of every visitor, but a knowledge of the whole world's pictures is necessary to appreciate the sly allusions to famous paintings which peep out on all sides. No wonder that a new vogue for mural painting sprang at once into being, and no wonder that admirers of this new genre fell over one another in their desire to employ Rex Whistler.

But he had gone off at once to Rome, to enjoy those postponed months of study. Since those days, he has painted a number of rooms, among them a staircase at No. 19, Hill Street, W., for Captain Euan Wallace, a room at Port

NATIONAL GALLERY, MILLBANK

Detail of tea-room decoration, *The Pursuit of Rare Meats*



## PORT LYMPNE

The Passage of a Lady of Quality from her Residence in Town to her Country Seat



## No. 19, HILL STREET, LONDON, W.

Staircase decoration introducing many of Rex Whistler's characteristic *motifs* and his wide scholarship





A ROOM IN BROOK HOUSE, PARK LANE



(Right) A GARDEN FANTASY, PORT LYMPNE

Lympne for Sir Philip Sassoon, another at Brook House for Lady Louis Mountbatten, and others at Plas Newydd, Hardwick and elsewhere. The Port Lympe room was probably his most completely worked out mural decoration, being treated as a tent through the open sides of which the landscapes are seen. Their theme, reminiscent of the Tate Gallery series, is the progress of a Lady of Quality in a victoria from her residence in town to her country seat: the town an exquisite pastiche of Wren's London, Georgian Dublin and Regency Park Lane; the country house a pleasance rivalling the baroque beauties of Caserta.

The theme of country houses was rarely out of his mind. The room at Brook House,

decorated with silver vignettes on pale blue panelling and more in his style of book illustration than of mural paintings, introduces the various houses with which Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten have family associations.

The man in the street knows Rex best as a book illustrator, and no author for whom he has worked can cease to be grateful to the artist who never failed to add to the written word a spark of "the light that never was on sea or land"; or to the collaborator dashing away at an incredible pace, far into the night, his pen or pencil always held (in spite of his master's admonitions) at an awkward angle, between the first and second fingers. These enchanted hours of composition were either accompanied by the reading of poetry aloud, or by Rex's own inimitable conversation. The surprising thing is that Rex, so naturally a master of large-scale painting, should appear even more in his element in his very fine and delicate drawing. But this was so. His pen and pencil work is the most miraculous of all.

If Rex Whistler had done nothing else, the theatre might have been considered the most congenial field for his talents, and John Gielgud has already written with knowledge of and admiration for his work there. At Covent Garden he seemed to be a kind of "Painter Laureate" with his festive yet dignified decoration of the royal box for the gala performance in honour of the visit of the French President, his fine drop curtain for the Coronation year, and his grand and gloomy décor for the revival of *Leonore*. Among his ballets, *The Rake's Progress* was repainted by him after the Sadler's Wells scenery was caught by the Germans in Holland on the outbreak of war. "Janeites" will not forget his *Pride and Prejudice*, while the *Ideal Husband*, with its combination of stately architectural rooms with ridiculous Victorian dresses, was another success. His last work in this genre was his design for Sir Osbert Sitwell's film, *A Place of One's Own*.

Perhaps Rex's friends best remember him for the tiny drawings with which he sprinkled his letters so lavishly or beautified the dedications of the books he gave as presents, or

expressed the mood of the moment on the menu cards at restaurants—as with this sketch of a fellow diner in a Munich restaurant, on the back of an envelope.

For Rex, a piece of paper was a sacred possession. As the Creator employed chaos, so did Rex employ a scrap of paper as the foundation for his god-like vocation of calling a new creature into being. Most people who ever dined with Rex possess mementoes of figures which crossed for a moment his line of vision, and whose absurd, or elegant, or startling appearances were swiftly set down on the bill of fare.

In the Army, one of his duties was to listen to lectures, or to deliver them to his troop, and his lecture notes are as full of amusing drawings as anything else which he handled.

He was an artist to the end, and this was the rare gift which he brought to the Army. A senior officer in the regiment wrote of him as "bringing his wonderful art into the life of the Battalion; some of the sketches and paintings which he did for us we shall always treasure. He made himself most beloved by us all, officers and men. His own Troop absolutely adored him, as well they might, for he was in real truth a leader and a guide to them."



SKETCH OF A FELLOW DINER IN A MUNICH RESTAURANT



# BRADLEY MANOR, DEVON

## THE HOME OF MRS. ALEXANDER WOOLNER

This small manor house dating from 1419 and 1495, on the outskirts of Newton Abbot, was given by Mrs. Woolner to the National Trust in 1938.

By JAMES LEES-MILNE

**B**RADLEY, a common Saxon place-name meaning a wide glade, is that part of the valley of the river Lemon where this ancient house stands, and from which it takes its name. It stands in fact in an open space of meadows, enclosed on the north and south by steep wooded hills, and to the east is practically contiguous to the town of Newton Abbot. A winding drive from the main Totnes road leads through the meadows and across the small river Lemon and a mill leat to the grey stone walls of the garden. On the left, as we pass through the gate-piers, is a long range of outbuildings containing a fine cider press approached by a flight of stone steps and still retaining its wooden machinery. The site is said to have been chosen because of the proximity of a copious supply of pure water, which springs from the limestone rock and is popularly believed to be a remedy for sore eyes.

Strictly speaking there is no Bradley Manor, the house originally being the manor



1.—THE GATE-HOUSE AND ENCLOSING WALL, PULLED DOWN ABOUT 1840

From an engraving by F. Nash in Lyson's *Magna Britannia*, 1822

house of Highweek, formerly known as Teignwick, divided from the royal manor of Kingsteignton and granted to an unknown person in the time of Henry I. Robert Bushel in the reign of Henry III was probably the first person to build a house at Bradley. The Bushel family failing in the male line, the property passed through a daughter to

the family of Yarde in the parish of Marlborough and so it was that in 1419 Richard and Joan Yarde entered into their inheritance and began the present house with its chapel. Richard's great-grandson, Richard, married Margaret Bamfield of Poltimore, and made considerable alterations to Bradley at the close of the century. To him is mainly due the present appearance of the east front of the house. He died,

leaving a son, Thomas, married to Elizabeth Leveson, niece to the notorious Bishop Veysey of Exeter, once tutor to Queen Mary. This Thomas probably enlarged the house to a quadrangle, referred to by J. H. Parker in his valuable work *The Domestic Architecture of the Middle Ages* (1859) and long since disappeared, adding three sides to the west and the carved oak screen between the hall and the ante-chapel.

The chief view of the house is undoubtedly that of the east front. Here we see a complete manor house on a small scale with low roof line, five curiously pointed gables with asymmetrically set oriels and late Gothic windows. The roof is to-day grey slated, although in Samuel Lyson's view published in his *Magna Britannia* in 1806 we can detect the heavy lapped stone tiles of this district, whereas the buttressed walls retain their buff washed rough-cast, typical of so many mediæval buildings in the remoter west of England. Although the earliest house on the site is assumed to have been built about the middle of the thirteenth century, here the indications are of much later dates.

The core of the present house was built shortly after 1419 and the chapel, on the extreme right with its big perpendicular window, in 1428. The house then originally had a projecting porch with a parvis or room over, and it was not until the extensive alterations about 1495 that this east front assumed its present appearance, and the early Tudor windows were constructed. The variety and irregularity of these windows with their low transoms and grotesque heads of men and beasts on the labels constitute the chief exterior charm of Bradley. Most of them retain their old lead comes and quarries as well as their thick stanchion bars. On the right of the porch and close to the ground is a very small quatrefoil opening, probably to allow the coming and going into the house of that most domestic of animals which Shakespeare describes as the "harmless necessary cat." About 1840 the contemporary gate-house, shown in Lyson's engraving (Fig. 1) as a few yards in front of the east elevation and with an upper chamber and also the enclosing wall, were



2.—THE HALL PORCH

Buttressed walls of yellow-washed rough-cast and early Tudor windows

(Right) 3.—THE EAST FRONT AS BUILT OVER THE 1419 HOUSE BY RICHARD YARDE IN 1495

The chapel on the extreme right dates from 1428



unfortunately demolished. The house as built in 1419 consisted of the Great Hall approached by the porch with a small room over it, and butteries leading to the kitchen at the south end, and a parlour at the north end. Above the parlour was the solar and above the butteries was the guest-chamber.

The disposition of these rooms survives. When in 1495 a new face was added to the east front of the house, an ante-chapel, an extra bedchamber over the ante-chapel, and a door-keeper's room beside the porch were made, and the butteries, the guest-chamber and the parvis were enlarged. The screens passage with its further door leading into the former courtyard, now a garden, opens through the screens to the hall on the right, and on the left through two pointed doorways to a staircase (originally a stone newel stair) and to the butteries.

Upstairs the Oriel Room was formerly the Ladies' Bower and has a very small peep into the Great Hall. The oriel itself is of six lights. Here we get an even better understanding than from outside of the additional 1495 face to the east front, for the inner wall of this room was the outer wall of the 1419 house, as the chimney-breast and the internal rough-casting testify.

The solar occupies its orthodox position at the dais end of the Great Hall, and a gallery from it overlooks the chapel. On the beams are traces of scarlet paint dating from mediæval times. Under the solar is the parlour with a deeply splayed window now looking into the chapel and, before the 1495 alterations, into the open forecourt.

The Great Hall is the nucleus of the manor and in earliest days was the communal room for the entire household. At Bradley it is still the most important room in the

house. From floor to the plain collar-beam roof we have the height of the whole house. On the north gable wall a painting in tempera on cob of the royal arms of Queen Elizabeth with supporters has within recent years been revealed. The lower half has disappeared, but what remains is still in admirable condition. The Jacobean hall screen, with its plain panels and delicately carved frieze, was saved from the Mermaid Inn at Ashburton when that building was demolished early in the present century. Of Mrs. Woolner's family portraits in the Great Hall, that over the fireplace by T. Hudson (1701-79) of Mrs. Woolner's direct ancestor Peter Woodley of Halshanger Manor is of especial interest in

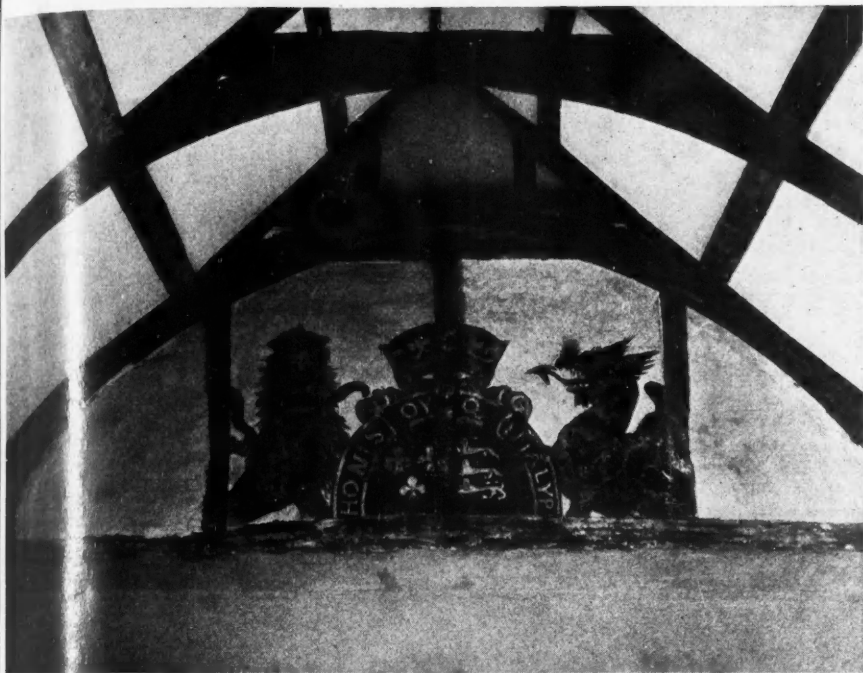
that his mother was a Yarde of Bradley and a daughter of the house, which some two hundred years later was to come into the possession of her descendant.

An oak screen under an arch in the north-east corner of the hall leads to the ante-chapel, which is formed by the two walls of the east front. The ante-chapel is lit by three transomed windows. The screen erected by Thomas Yarde in Henry VIII's reign is a fine example of early English Renaissance work based on the Italian influence so prevalent under Cardinal Wolsey's patronage at Hampton Court Palace, and recalls the contemporary carved wainscoting at Great Fulford near by. There the actual date 1534



4.—IN THE GREAT HALL, WITH THE ARCH TO THE ANTE-CHAPEL





5.—THE HALL ROOF, 1419, AND THE ARMS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

6.—THOMAS YARDE'S SCREEN BETWEEN HALL AND ANTE-CHAPEL  
About 1534

is inscribed on the woodwork, and it is interesting that only in the previous year Stefano Zambelli's famous stalls at Perugia, the direct prototype of this Devon carving, were completed. The Bradley screen, which is carved on both sides, consists of six linen-fold panels at the base and six elaborately decorated upper panels. Heraldic escutcheons are the central *motif*, upheld by various devices in the conventional Italian manner of the times, including cherubs' heads, dolphins and mermaids tailing into husks and foliage.

A narrow arched doorway leads to the chapel built by Richard and Joan Yarde in 1428. The early fifteenth century was a period of renewed activity in church building throughout Christendom, as if to make amends for the long stand-still years during the papal schism. At the time the see of Exeter was occupied by that saintly and industrious bishop, Edmund Lacy, who had been chaplain to Henry V. In relation to the small proportions of the manor as a whole the chapel has been built on a fairly



7.—SIX-LIGHT ORIEL WINDOW IN THE LADIES' BOWER

ambitious scale. We have seen from outside how satisfactorily it adds a projecting wing to the north-east corner. It is lit at its east end by the large three-light perpendicular window. The roof is barrel vaulted, the ribs conjoined with fourteen oak bosses of which the central and largest displays a head representing either God the Father or the Christ. The remaining bosses are chiefly heraldic, displaying the arms of Courtenay, of Yarde of Bradley, of Edmund Lacy, Bishop of Exeter, of de Englishville, of Ferrers, and the Lacy knot.

The last Yarde of Bradley sold the property in 1750, though the reason for this sale has never been established. It passed through various hands until in 1903 it was bought by E. Scratton of Ogwell, but in 1909 the house again came into the market and was purchased by Cecil Firth of Ashburton, a descendant of the Yards of Bradley, and he did a great deal to restore it to its original condition. From him it descended to his daughter Diana, now Mrs. Alexander Woolner, who in 1938 presented the house, in which she retains an absolute life interest, and about 70 acres of surrounding woodlands and pasture to the National Trust. At present the house, partly used for war purposes, is closed to the public but will be regularly open again in peace-time.



# JOHN PEEL'S COUNTRY—II

Written and Illustrated by LIONEL EDWARDS

AS I stated in an earlier article, there seems to be little doubt that the country hunted by John Peel is roughly that of the present Blencathra Hunt, and it is possible that some of the blood of his hounds may still be found in the fell packs.

The modern fell hound is light-coloured (like the Welsh) and nearer his remote ancestors than the fashionable foxhound of the Midlands. The black and white ones in particular struck me as very like French staghounds, with the same high occipital crest and Roman cast of countenance, rather snipy-nosed, and light of bone as shown in pictures by sporting artists of 150 years ago (and by French sporting artists of to-day). The colour white predominates, and is very necessary, as otherwise they would soon be lost sight of in the hills. In fact, a local farmer jokingly remarked to me at a meet of the Blencathra, "Have a good look at 'em. You will probably not see them again to-day."

These hounds are left to hunt almost entirely by themselves. Even their active huntsman, Bell, can often barely keep in touch with them. They are very fast, and cast themselves wide, and independently of one another. Consequently several different lots may be seen running at the same time, but they soon return to the cry of the body of the pack—very fortunately, as no whip could get round them (even if such a person existed in war-time).

It is said they never break up a fox, and this is also characteristic of Welsh hounds. English foxhounds also, when drafted to a Welsh pack, soon learn to do the same. It has always been a theory of mine that this is hereditary. All foxhounds had staghounds as their remote ancestors. Fox is not their natural quarry, and is too near the dog tribe to be a natural food. Foxhounds are taught to hunt a fox, and broken of "riot" such as deer, hare and rabbits, which

is I think fairly sound proof that there is some truth in this theory.

Fell hounds are much more like dogs than like foxhounds, possibly because, being trencher-fed, during the summer months at any rate, they live on the farms. In fact, one farmer showed me a puppy that he had walked, which, having been always with his sheepdogs, would work sheep for him as well as any of his collies. It is remarkable how steady fell hounds are with sheep, which is very necessary considering the opportunities they get to satisfy a taste for mutton when far out of reach of punishment, or even detection.

At the end of the summer the huntsman walks round the farms collecting hounds, and, although they soon get used to their new quarters, they are usually confined to barracks for a few days before being taken cub-hunting, as otherwise they would probably return to their "walks" instead of to kennels.

Fell packs are accused by strangers of being entirely independent of the clock, but all sorts of things can have happened in the fells, for fox-killing is of prime importance in a sheep country when lambs are lost. It is extremely doubtful if foxes take lambs in the south, but there is no doubt they take them in the fells, for hill sheep and lambs are small in size, and easily accessible to the fox, if not to the shepherd. Therefore a fell huntsman may be persuaded on the way to the meet to "loose them off" at an adjacent fox. Or they may break away on "a drag," and with no whip, this could easily happen to a solitary Hunt servant. But the most common reason for hounds not turning up is mist on the fells. If it lies thick near the kennels it may justly be suspected of being the same everywhere (although this is not necessarily the case). Should the weather clear, hounds will probably attend the fixture none the less, even if an hour or more late.

The usual time for fell packs to meet is 9 a.m., occasionally 9.30. These early hours are necessary, for it is usual (as in olden days everywhere) to hunt the "drag" of a fox (the line of his overnight wanderings) and thus find him. There are on the hills so many places where a fox can go to ground that it is surprising that they do not always do so at once. When one reads of a chase of 50 miles (March 27, 1818) during John Peel's mastership one can only conclude they changed foxes a great many times.

According to local sportsmen, fell foxes are much bigger than those in southern England, and certainly some great weights have been recorded. A dog fox in the Midlands usually weighs about 14-15 lb. and a vixen 13 lb., but a fell dog has been known to weigh 23 lb. The fox is a remarkably adaptable creature and thrives almost as well in Suburbia as in Skiddaw Forest.

It is often asserted that if a vixen is killed, the dog fox will take over the family and feed it. I had remarkable confirmation of this from a sportsman living not far from Birmingham. He has an artificial earth adjoining the railway embankment in his garden, in which from time to time he has placed unwanted litters. A year or two ago a farmer told him he had shot a vixen, which he believed had cubs. These were therefore dug out and transferred to the artificial earth, where they were fed regularly. In two or three days' time he found a freshly killed rabbit outside the earth, next day two or three rats, then another rabbit, and the fourth day a fowl and a frog. Pa had evidently discovered his offspring in their new abode and resumed his parental duties, so my friend shortly ceased to feed them. In due course the cubs could be seen playing outside the earth. He had plenty of food they matured quickly.

At a meet in the fells perhaps only a very small field turns up, but during the course of a hunt (more particularly at a dig) the number of



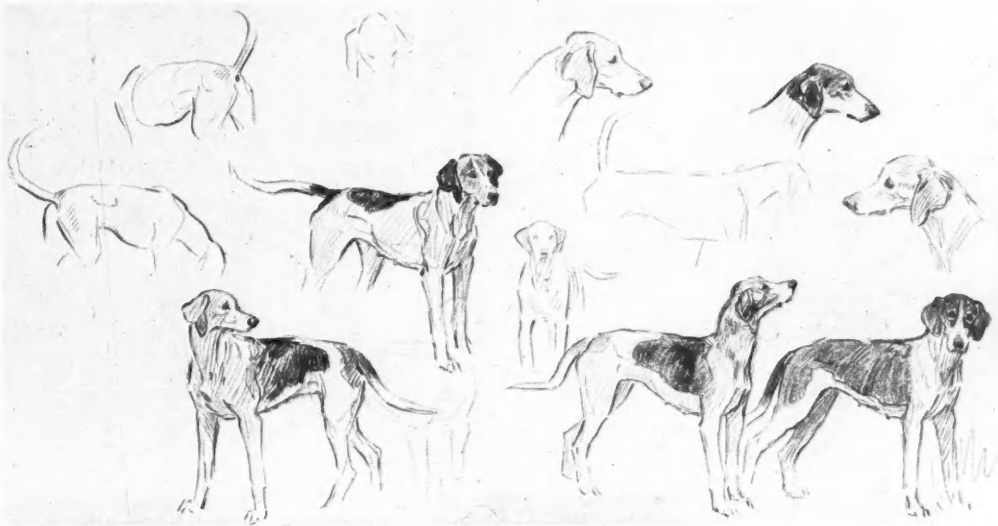
AT THE FOOT OF THE FELS

followers will steadily increase. Right lustily do the local farmers dig, and it was interesting that, at any rate when cub-hunting, they frequently bolted a fox and gave him another chance, it being, I was told, better to let young hounds catch a cub in the open than slay it on the earth. This appears to me a sound theory, as I have always doubted if it did hounds any good to taste blood after a long, cold dig in which they have probably long ago lost all interest—although the killing of a fox in the latter circumstances is doubtless necessary from the local farmer's point of view.

In Wales, among the really Welsh hunts, the hound language of their huntsmen left me completely in ignorance of what they were doing, and the hound language in the fells was to me equally incomprehensible. Fell huntsmen apparently use their horns only at the end of the day to collect hounds, which seemed a very wise practice.

Fell hunting is a remarkably democratic institution. Every village holds dances, the proceeds of which go to the Hunt funds. In addition the visitor is quite likely to be accosted by a small girl who requests 2s. 6d. for the Hunt but would not expect, or even appreciate, any larger amount. The result of this is that fell packs have sometimes a better balance at the bank than more pretentious establishments.

The Blencathra are kenneled at Threlkeld. From their kennel yard there is a glorious view, while immediately behind them towers the giant mass of Saddleback, from whose screes of fallen



FELL HOUNDS ARE MORE LIKE DOGS THAN LIKE FOXHOUNDS: BITCHES AT THE BLENKATHRA KENNELS

rock debris the fell foxes must often hear the music of hounds in kennel, and perhaps congratulate themselves that they are in kennel.

Much has been written about John Peel, but the only thing that seems to have escaped notice is that this big man was years before Tod Sloan in adopting what we called "the monkey seat," which we have now become accustomed to see on our racecourses. I think it was an old sportsman, writing in the *Newcastle*

*Chronicle*, who recorded that "He rode with the shortest stirrup ever I saw a huntsman have, his knees very near up with the saddle."

In conclusion it may be remembered that the last war ended with a review held on the Hohenzollern Bridge at Cologne. The Border Regiment were present, and went past the saluting point to the strains of their regimental march *D'ye Ken John Peel*. This time let us hope it will be in Berlin!

## WALKING UP PARTRIDGES

WHEN we talk of partridge shooting we mostly picture late September and October. We think of stands behind high hedges on the downs, with coveys doing a good 60 miles an hour, wheeling, chattering and scattering above them like a burst of shrapnel. We think of shots the more delightful because of their incalculability; of birds skyscraping and the size of starlings; of others flushing over plough so low as to be lost against the background. We conjure up these early autumn scenes because they stand for what is best in shooting.

These are day-dreams now. One day they will come true again, but now we only know that no set pieces can be staged with insufficient guns and beaters. So if we are neither *blasé* nor infirm we shall walk up our birds as did our grandsires in their day.

Of course, in theory, to walk up partridges is just as simple as it was a hundred years ago. You will go out on the First—three or four guns (if you can get them), a keeper (if he is not serving) and a village ancient or a lad or two, and you will religiously perambulate acres of rich grass and roots and clover, pushing successive coveys into close holding cover, and coming on them from the quarter which they least expect.

### SMALL PARTY'S STRATEGY

In practice you almost invariably find that the partridges know more about this theory than is contained in all the text books written on the subject. You also soon become aware that, even if the birds are in the places where they ought to be, the rich grass has been eaten close by sheep, the roots are patchy where they are not sodden and the clover has been cut. But that's all in the day's work; it does not, or it should not, daunt you. You manfully stick to it, walking, stalking and half-mooning, until with half a dozen birds in the bag and a thirst you would not part with for a fiver, you are not sorry when the lunch interval comes.

Where country is not very open a small party will probably do better execution if its strategy is based on pushing birds into the heaviest and most central cover on the ground, and then going bald-headed for them. Accurate

marking down and immediate descent upon a covey, always with a view to pushing it into near-by cover, is much more effective than a religious perambulation of field after field.

Attempts to round up birds by a stealthy circular approach are seldom any use, except where they are encountered on the edge of a wide piece of cover, in which they obligingly settle again. Then a roundabout stalk, so as to come on them from the opposite direction, will often yield another brace. It will usually be profitable to visit sheltered dusting sites, and where such are not much in evidence it is no bad plan to improvise a few on the sunny side of hedges, for the partridge is apt to be off his guard when indulging in his morning dust bath, and an approach on the blind side of the hedge should seldom go entirely unrewarded. Similarly, old slag heaps, where docks and weeds have seeded, or where hedge trimmings have been piled and burnt, are likely spots on which to find the birds less on the alert and unapproachable than in the open fields.

### PROFITABLE FIELDS

Other useful bag-filling rendezvous are the outside edges of fields where coarse grass has escaped the reapers, and the bases of half-cut ricks where seeds and weeds mingle in highly attractive profusion. Then a brace or two should be the first reward of intelligent observation of a covey's daily habits.

It will generally be noticed that partridges choose a definite line of flight at much the same time every day to the fields which they frequent. So the solitary shooter who keeps his eyes and ears open and his gun more or less at the ready should seldom return without recompense.

Men get tired more quickly than do partridges, which, after several hours of chivying, come to a very nice appreciation of the range of the modern shotgun. They no longer drop down confidently two or three fields ahead, and they are active pedestrians into the bargain, as you find when, having marked a covey into some roots, it rises off the grass land 50 yds. beyond them and sails across the boundary to safety.

Then there is nothing for it but to try impromptu driving, which, with too few

beaters, is perhaps an even greater gamble. Still, it is at once exciting and good fun, though its fascination may lie more in what you see than what you shoot.

As the thin line of beaters gets on the move, the lapwing are invariably the first birds to resent the disturbance of their privacy. A hare lollops lazily along, then sits for an instant listening, before legging it good and hard across the down. Simultaneously, with a whistle proclaiming that the first covey is on the wing, come fieldfares, thrushes, starlings, and you half raise your gun at many a false alarm. Then at last—a scattered group of partridges top the tree belt at the far end of the line. Two shots ring out; the curtain is up and the play begins.

### MOST DIFFICULT SHOOTING

Nothing in partridge driving is more difficult than for a handful of beaters to put birds over a narrow front. In the distance the coveys may look to be heading straight, yet they are nearly always flying on a slant. The slightest movement of a single gun behind the hedge may turn them, and their flight is erratic. At one moment they look like sparrows clear cut against the sky; in the next, they flatten out and scatter above the hedge; in the next again, blending with the grey background of the landscape, they are a hundred yards behind you. Like grouse down wind, their pace is terrific, yet swift as it is you are likely to misjudge it. Invariably the partridge keeps one trick up his sleeve for your discomfiture. Here he comes, doing a good fifty, but seemingly flying on an even keel. Up goes the gun, and, even as you press the trigger, the bird "jinks" almost imperceptibly right or left or up and down, and you are a good six inches off the target.

I am not at all sure that this kind of shooting is not the most difficult of all. In highly organised driving there is the minimum of fatigue, coveys are pretty plentiful, and most birds cover over within effective range. But when you have walked a mile on plough and "rested" for a quarter of an hour behind a hedge which partridges may top at anything from 30 to 100 yds. between two guns perforce too widely spaced, it is another story.

J. B. DROUGHT,



# ON THE SKY-LINE

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

IT is always interesting to see our own particular game through external eyes. I do not mean the eyes of those who ask "What on earth can they want with so many sticks?"—though that was growing before the war a not wholly impertinent question; nor those of the kindly, garrulous person in a railway carriage who, seeing his neighbour's clubs in the rack, begins an alarmingly long journey by saying: "I should think golf must be a very interesting game, though I've never played it myself." I mean the eyes of the intelligent observer who is fond of games but has played and seen but little golf. The other day I had this opportunity in a talk with one who is like Professor Dingo, "of European reputation" in his own subject, who is almost passionately interested in some games and has played them not without a modest glory, and has even played a little mild and casual golf. He told me that he had only once seen first-class golf, and this was on the occasion, a disastrous one for us, when the Walker Cup match was played at Sandwich. Then he had spent one whole summer's day in watching.

One thing he said struck me as curious and instructive. It was to the effect that all the players seemed to be playing equally well (a polite and patriotic point of view since our side was sadly beaten) and that to his eye they all looked exactly the same. I supposed he meant that if he had seen them swinging on the skyline he would not have been able to tell one from the other, and he said that was certainly so; there appeared to him a complete uniformity of posture and movement. Supposing them to be cricketers, I asked, would he have been able to distinguish them at a like distance, and he replied that he certainly would. This interested me because I remembered to have read somewhere a similar statement by the late Canon Edward Lyttelton. He had written that a number of batsmen on the sky-line looked to him entirely distinct in their respective manners of batting while golfers were quite indistinguishable. So there it is, and those of us who are more familiar with golf than cricket must, I think, accept it as a fact. To us the batsmen probably appear by comparison uniform, save that with some of them bat and ball meet more often than with others. The golfers on the other hand have each their almost countless little mannerisms, to say nothing of the broader features of style, which instantly reveal their identities. In short, it is a matter of use and wont, and doubtless the same rule applies equally to other games as well as the two I have cited.

Of course those of us who watch much golf are not perhaps quite so clever and observant as we deem ourselves. We naturally get to know not only the players' styles but their other characteristics and idiosyncrasies and their very clothes. It is with us as with the defenders of Rome in our dear old friend *Horatius*:

And plainly and more plainly  
Now might the burghers know,  
By port and vest, by horse and crest  
Each war-like Lucumo.

We can tell a long way off him who is "girt with the brand none else may wield," perhaps because we have tried to waggle that brand in our own feeble fingers. When we do not know the champions our eyes are less keen. I was once in like case with my friend at Sandwich. This was in 1913 when, having landed for the first time in the United States, I went straightway to Garden City to watch the Amateur Championship. There were, I think, only three players there whom I had seen before—Walter Travis, Jerome Travers and Chick Evans; even Francis Ouimet, now so old a friend, was then a new one. And for a little while, I must admit, that the other players did look to me very much

alike. I soon learnt them apart, but to begin with there seemed to me great similarity; they all, or nearly all, looked very young, they were all in white shirts and white flannel trousers and they all swung the club with much the same long, smooth and leisurely swing.

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That is a long time ago now, but I still think, and I fancy many British watchers would agree with me, that there is a greater uniformity of style among good American amateurs than among our own. They have been on the whole more drilled and taught than have ours and have formed themselves on much the same classical models. Of course they all have their characteristics as have ours, and some are particularly obvious; I feel for instance that I could always have distinguished Robert Gardner a long way off. Yet on the whole they have an essentially national method, a smooth, lithe, round swing, easy to identify in a mass, not easy to distinguish in particular instances. It is, I imagine, one of the reasons that they have been so good, that they have aimed at a common model and such an excellent one.

Our own amateurs have had more clearly marked mannerisms. It is probably the effect of advancing years, that the older players seem to me to have been more characteristic than their successors. I feel as if John Ball's perfect rhythm, Harold Hilton's little jump on his toes, the mere waggle of Horace Hutchinson or Robert Maxwell would have allowed of no possible mistake at almost any range of vision. And yet I am not sure. Take our own amateurs just before the war. Could anyone fail to recognise James Bruen? I hardly think so, nor the fine ferocity of Stowe, nor the easy grace of Hector Thomson. Till I am positively blind I shall have no doubt about Harry Bentley putting. To go a little further back, could there be any possible question between Tolley and Wethered on the sky-line? I almost feel I could tell the particular and venomous sound made by Roger's drive among a hundred.

In a general way I suppose that professionals are harder to recognise in the distance than are amateurs, because they have a

greater orthodoxy of swing, with fewer mannerisms. Yet having written down that sentence I wonder whether any three golfers could possibly have been more easy to distinguish than were the members of the *Triumvirate*. The result was in each case equally magnificent and no doubt they obeyed many of the same rules, but no three swings have looked more different, the one from the other. And coming down to their successors of to-day, could one have any doubts? Cotton's left foot would instantly betray him. When I can no longer tell Perry afar off I shall think that my eyes have grown altogether too dim for watching, and so I might go on, with Adams's long swing and Reggie Whitcombe's clipped one, go on for ever and ever.

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As we descend in the golfing scale our friends become more and more easy to identify, since they exhibit the grosser and more singular eccentricities. We have no doubt whatever about them, and they have no doubt whatever about us, though in our own case we cannot for the life of us understand what there is so notable or even so laughable in our methods. And yet they tell us with an offensive smile that they would know the things we do with our legs "a mile off" (that is the distance they invariably specify) and we have reluctantly to take their word for it. They must, as it seems to us, be supernaturally clever, and yet in another way they annoy us by their extreme obtuseness. When we have completely changed our swing and are feeling re-born and transfigured they never can see the slightest difference in us. It is true that we have often made such a reformation before, but that was in some trivial detail; this time it is the real thing; like Bottom we are "translated;" we have acquired an entirely new swing, and it is intolerably stupid of them not to perceive it. If one of them were to say to us quite seriously "I see you've changed your swing," we should fall on his neck with tears of gratitude, but how seldom it happens! I had a friend, no mean golfer, but gifted with a peculiarly awkward and angular swing, who once told me that he had lately been playing just like Miss Wethered, and with great success. The poor fellow was of course suffering from an hallucination; it was positively pathetic and we should never be so absurd as that. Yet it would be very pleasant if some charitable person would one day remark our more modest reformation. Nobody ever does.

## PROTECTION OF FRUIT TREES

THERE is a fairly widespread belief among many amateur fruit-growers that the spraying during the winter with one of the very efficient tar distillates or the more modern D.N.C. washes does away with the necessity of carrying out any other prophylactic measures in the orchard during the year. It is perfectly true that these sprays are very effective and do much to keep the fruit trees and bushes clean and healthy, but they are not a cure for all pests and diseases; nor are they claimed to be. They are not, for instance, preventive agents against many fungus diseases, for which lime sulphur is the recognised agent; nor are they useful against the winter moth and its allies the mottled, amber and March moths whose caterpillars, familiarly known as loopers through their characteristic mode of progression, cause such havoc to fruit trees in the spring when the leaves are expanding.

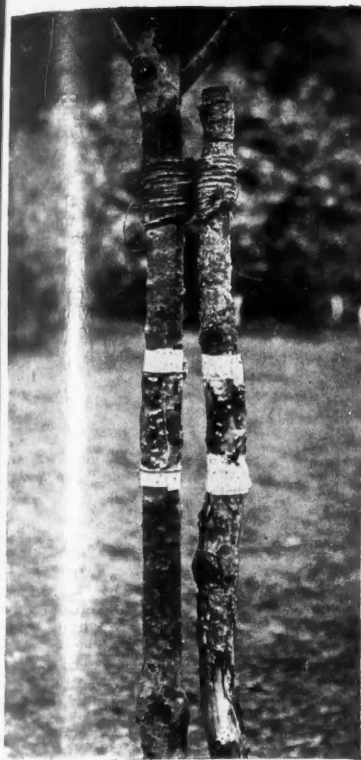
Against these pests, which can be very troublesome, the gardener has no better method of control than the grease-band, an old method but one still recognised as efficient for the purpose it has to serve. The application of grease-bands is purely a preventive measure designed to trap the wingless females of these three moths, as well as the female of the vapourer moth, another enemy of the fruit-grower, on

their way up from the ground to the upper branches of the trees, where they lay their eggs later to hatch out in spring into the caterpillars which devour the leaves and sometimes even attack the blossoms.

The process of egg-laying begins in autumn, and it is essential, if the measures are to be completely effective, that the bands should be in position on the stems of the trees by the end of September or early October, at which time the moths emerge from their pupal cases at the base of the trees and begin their trek up the trunks to deposit their eggs on the spurs, shoots, leaf-scars and similar crevices conveniently near the fruit buds.

As its name implies, the March moth does not make its appearance until early spring, generally about late February, and it is important to see that the efficiency of bands which have been in position for some months has not been impaired by their long exposure and so rendered useless against the later pest. Generally speaking, a good grease will remain sticky for a year or two, but where the bands are kept on from year to year, as many growers now keep them, it is a wise precaution to give them a fresh coating every year, or perhaps twice a season, and at the same time remove all leaves or other material which may be adhering to the





(Left) IN THE CASE OF YOUNG TREES THAT ARE SUPPORTED BY STAKES, THE STAKES SHOULD BE GREASE-BANDED AS WELL AS THE STEMS OF THE TREES



(Right) A DOUBLE-BANDED STANDARD APPLE. A wise precaution with standard trees, especially where they are growing in close proximity to a hedge

grease and so forming a natural bridge over which the moths can pass without hurt.

Grease-banding is not a difficult business. It consists simply in wrapping round the trunk a band of stout grease-proof paper and smearing this over with one of the many grease preparations on the market. The most suitable bands are made about 6 ins. wide, allowing 4 ins. for a covering of grease. The bands should be fixed firmly round the stem, top and bottom, so that no cavities are left beneath and it is a good plan where the trunk is rough to remove any scaly bark by scraping the stem before affixing the band. Any crevices beneath the band likely to afford an entrance tunnel should be plugged in with clay or cotton waste.

Bands need only to be applied to standards, half-standard and bush trees with a short leg of 12 to 15 ins., for on low-branched bush trees on cultivated ground the bands only become encumbered with grit and leaves splashed up from the soil surface as the bands are so low. When low bush trees are growing on grass land, however, it pays to band them, as there is not

the same likelihood of the efficiency of the bands being impaired. With standard trees, the bands should be placed about 3 ft. from the ground and on half-standard and bush forms as high as conveniently possible. In any case they should never be less than a foot from the ground.

With espalier, cordon and fan-trained trees it is scarcely practicable to band, while, on the other hand, with bush and standard trees that are much branched, it is wise policy to band a few of the main branches as well as the trunk, on which two bands can be fixed one above the other with about a foot between them. When the bands are in position apply the grease with a wooden label as shown in one of the accompanying illustrations, laying it on to form a series of horizontal ridges rather than to present a smooth surface. Spread it on in the direction in which the paper is overlapped and never apply more than a layer about an eighth to a quarter of an inch thick. Ready-greased bands are now obtainable and these are to be preferred for both quickness and convenience. They are easily applied, as shown in one of the

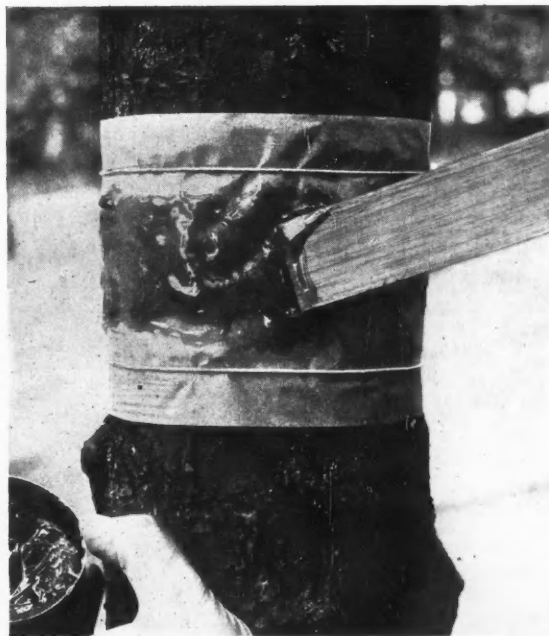
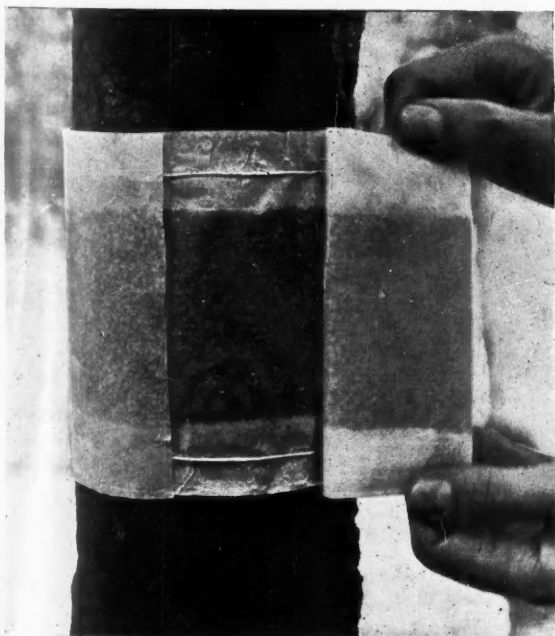
illustrations, and their use saves a good deal of trouble, as well as time. Some growers, especially in the case of old trees, apply grease direct to the trunk, but, if this is done, the grease must be carefully applied to fill up all crevices and the place where the band is applied must be changed every two or three years.

In the case of young trees the practice is not advocated and with these paper-bands should be employed. Care should be taken to see that trees that are staked have a band fixed to the support as well as to the stem of the tree, although with the stake the grease can be applied direct, especially in these days of paper shortage. This is a point often neglected, but to omit to band the stakes may be to waste much of the labour in banding the trees, and it is important to see that every support has its band. With the application of a few grease-bands much of the danger of attack in the spring from leaf-eating caterpillars will have been removed and the amateur fruit-grower, like the professional, will find it an insurance well worth while. G. C. TAYLOR.

#### APPLYING A READY-MADE GREASE-BAND

(Left) The double-band is cut to the required length and tied round the trunk. The outer band is then removed and can be used another time

(Right) A grease-band in position with the grease being applied. The bands are about 5 to 6 ins. wide and should be tied tightly round the trunks, top and bottom, as shown



# CORRESPONDENCE

## EARTHWORMS AND FERTILITY

SIR,—In Dr. Bunting's interesting article in *COUNTRY LIFE* of August 18 he mentions earthworms. After the East Norfolk flood of February, 1938, I went to Holland to learn what to do about the land flooded by the sea, and was given a most instructive tour by the Dutch authorities. We visited the Weirgermeer polder, which had then been reclaimed from the Zuider Zee for about seven years and was growing magnificent crops. I was assured that there were no earthworms, except in a few market gardens, to which they had been introduced in manure.

Earthworms only spread very gradually over land that has been covered by the sea, which of course destroys them. At Horsey six years after the flood they have spread only a very short way from what was high-water mark. In fact their presence is not necessary for good crops.—ANTHONY BUXTON, *Horsey Hall, near Great Yarmouth.*

have been sketched for a house on these sites, but I cannot control the activities of others even if they extend to designing houses for sites which are not in the market. I cannot share Mr. Morgan's alarm over the rumour, though, since the house will never be built. Nor need any house ever be built on Blackdown if he would only preach to the unconverted instead of to those who share his aspirations but have a more practical means of attaining them.

You advocate steps to prevent private interests benefiting from the preservation of beauty spots, but until your proposals become law the surest way of avoiding this is by negotiation between those interests for the public good. The man who goes empty handed to the negotiating table stands a poor chance of success, and there is much difference between a promise of bequeathal and a gift or signed covenant.—J. G. LINKS, *Blackdown Cottage, near Haslemere, Surrey.*

[We have submitted Mr. Links's letter to Mr. Guy Morgan, who writes as follows:]

right direction, and I have no intention of changing my mind.

However, the main problem, as the National Trust letter puts it, is one for town and country planning. It is hardly logical to expect, just because A leaves a property to the Trust, that B and C should feel it incumbent on them to do likewise, but if the property and its environs are of sufficient national interest to be so acquired, an intelligent link-up from the town and country planning angle is vital, compensation being dealt with as previously under Town Planning Acts.

My intention in writing originally was to raise the question of all the properties adjoining this "Monarch of Sussex" in the hope that an intelligent planning Bill might rationalise the whole issue. There seems just a chance, following the interest that has been aroused, that something concrete may be achieved. My object of course was not personal, and while the term of "preaching to the unconverted" hardly expresses the spirit, I am inclined to hope, from the general interest and the results obtained to

of what is happily a rare occurrence in connection with the Derby, i.e. a scandal. To quote from *The History and Romance of the Derby*, by Moorhouse:

On several occasions the winner of the Derby had lain under the suspicion of being older than he ought to have been but nobody had taken the trouble to probe the allegations; in some cases they were made at a time when it was too late to open an enquiry. But the perpetrators of the Running Rein fraud met more than their match in Lord George Bessing. He it was who was chiefly instrumental in unmasking their villainy. The true Running Rein was a bay colt by The Saddler, out of Mab, by Duncan Grey; and under that description he was entered for the Derby. His breeder was Mr. R. Cobb, a Malton chemist. In November, when still a foal, he was purchased by a man, known as Goodman, but whose real name was Goodman Levy, an inveterate gambler, who at one time had a large stud of racehorses. The colt was taken straightway by rail to London, where Goodman had stables in Foley Place. The horse who ran for the Derby in the name of Running Rein, and came in first, was a bay colt named Maccabeus, who, bred by Sir C. Ibbotson, and foaled in 1840, was by Gladiator, out of Capsicum. He was bought by Goodman as a yearling at Doncaster in 1841. The substitution of the one horse for the other was alleged to have taken place in September, 1842, and the older horse was, in 1843, transferred to Mr. A. Wood, an Epsom corn merchant, to whom Goodman was owing a big sum for provender. Mr. Wood was paid £200 in addition to cancelling the indebtedness. The animal still continued to be under the control and management of Goodman, and when the whole affair was subsequently exposed, no evidence was adduced in any way implicating Wood, who seems to have been the dupe of the guilty parties.

To make a long story short, "the disqualification of Running Rein automatically placed the name of Colonel (afterwards General) Peel on the roll of owners of Derby winners, for Orlando had finished second, three-quarters of a length behind the imposter. The General was for a long period one of the most honoured patrons of the Turf.

Orlando was a bay colt by Touchstone out of Vulture.

Running Rein ran in 1843 at Newmarket for a two-year-old plate, which he won, beating the Duke of Rutland's Crinoline and two others.—J. HANBURY-WILLIAMS (Major-General), *Henry III Tower, Windsor Castle.*

## AGRICULTURE AND WAR MEMORIALS

SIR,—There are many dwellers in the country who, through no fault of their own, are neither owners, tenants, nor labourers of the land, yet have the country in their bones. Heredity, or upbringing, or both, enable such professional men to follow with the liveliest interest and gratitude discussions such as those between Sir Albert Howard and Dr. Bunting, whose details are technical. None the less their love of the land and of rural life is deep: their numbers considerable. As one of them, I dare to write this letter.

Much talk is heard to-day of war memorials: a strong sentiment exists to commemorate this war with playing-fields. I seek to make two comments. (1) In 1940 to 1941 Britain stood alone to defend what is



THE START OF RUNNING REIN'S DERBY, 1844

See letter: A Memorable Derby Centenary

## "RECONSTRUCTION DANGERS"

SIR,—I would not seek the hospitality of your columns for what is largely a personal issue had they not already been used by Mr. Guy Morgan, in his letter published on August 11, to discuss the alleged profit I have made on the sale of a farm on Blackdown, my failure to carry out improvements on the farm and my disinclination to sell it in its entirety to him. Even so, your time can be better occupied than in hearing what I might have to say on the first two points; on the third, though, I would ask to be heard.

Mr. Morgan has "bequeathed his farm to the National Trust on certain conditions" and that is very generous of him, provided of course he does not see fit to execute another will and provided the conditions are acceptable to the Trust.

I am prepared (as he knows) to give to the Trust the fields on the southern slopes, on which as he implies the view from Blackdown is largely dependent, on one condition only—that the owners of the adjoining and equally vital land will do the same. I am equally prepared now to covenant not to build on the same terms. I am not prepared to sell the fields to Mr. Morgan or to any other buyer for the sole reason that they provide the only bargaining counter I have to induce my neighbours to act in the way I think they should and hope they ultimately will.

I am interested to hear that plans

I have received a letter from the Acting Secretary of the National Trust whose permission I have obtained to quote here. It reads as follows:

"It was with great interest that I read your long letter in *COUNTRY LIFE* dated August 11. What you so pertinently point out is a matter we have long been very concerned about: it is only too true that when the National Trust acquires land of outstanding beauty the building value of the land surrounding or adjacent to it goes up. It would seem that only town planning on a proper basis can control this unfortunate state of affairs in the future."

I am extremely glad to learn that Mr. Links is now prepared to give his fields on the southern slopes of Blackdown in their entirety to the National Trust if adjacent owners will fall into line. This offer is a new development as far as my information goes, as I have in my possession a further letter from him, relating to his considering building a house on one of the most prominent fields in question, and querying the advisability of such building control as has been advocated generally in your columns.

I regret that Mr. Links should imply that my offer to the National Trust is of doubtful value. There must, however, be many such as myself who can only afford a "promise of a bequeathal," as he puts it. From the national point of view this promise, to my mind, is at least a step in the

date, that the subject has had a wide appeal.

However, these are personal opinions, and I feel strongly that the whole question is one that is far better settled by the planning experts, who should be appointed by, and work in conjunction with, the National Trust.

The question of the increase in land values has been so often discussed that no special implication was intended in, or should be read into, my first letter, other than the extra expense that may occur in acquiring further properties to protect the amenities of land given to the National Trust. The value of farming land has risen appreciably, quite apart from the extra value it acquires from adjoining a piece of country owned by the National Trust.

My last letter and your admirable suggestion on the leader page of the same issue clearly expresses the wish that action should be taken now. It is altogether far too big a question for personal owners to decide.]

## A MEMORABLE DERBY CENTENARY

From Major-General Sir John Hanbury-Williams.

SIR,—I am sending you herewith a photograph of an engraving in my collection showing the *Start for the Memorable Derby of 1844.*

This year of 1944 is the centenary





A FARM BUILDING OF STRAW IN COUNTY ANTRIM 50 YEARS AGO

See letter: A Straw Shed in Ulster

left of Christendom: therefore no parish church whatever should lack a memorial with the names of the dead deeply and legibly inscribed. (2) All civilisation, urban no less than rural, ultimately depends on the land. Surely the one idea lacking in the industrial masses is that a field is a working-field? Ought not war-memorial funds to be linked with agricultural education? Such education is urgently needed, and should be open to townfolk and countryfolk alike: the Luxmoore Report indicates the need clearly enough. But to link war memorials with *playing-fields* seems to encourage the already popular, if vague, notion that a field is

Sir Albert Howards, who may prove the disintegrating force, and this despite the fact that Dr. Bunting's article was a model of lucidity.—EDMUND ESDAILE, *Bloxham, Oxfordshire*.

### THE TOMB OF A DANISH PRINCESS

SIR,—Among the many interesting things, including historical facts and traditions, to be found at Bosham, the little one-time important harbour near Chichester, few attract more attention than the tomb of the small daughter of King Canute, who in the eleventh century had a palace here. The little girl died here while on a visit to Earl Godwin. The spot where she was actually buried is now marked by a Danish raven painted on a tile—the gift of the Girl Guides. It was from Bosham that Harold set forth to visit William Duke of Normandy, which event was destined to have such great influence upon English history, and is recorded in the famous Bayeux Tapestry, or, to be correct, needlework. The Danish pirates raided Bosham centuries ago, and stole one of its famous church bells. Their boat, conveying it down the harbour, was sunk in a storm, and there is a local tradition that when the bells are rung on festival occasions, the sunken bell is heard ringing.—CLIVE HOLLAND, *Gerrard's Cross, Buckinghamshire*.



THE TOMB OF CANUTE'S LITTLE DAUGHTER

See letter: The Tomb of a Danish Princess

normally a playing-field: which it is not.

Lastly, let me revert to my original point. The pattern of rural life has always included professional men—doctors, parsons, schoolmasters, lawyers and so forth. Probably the majority of these are, frankly, too busy to be bothered with scientific technicalities. But they do know and understand the country. Their contribution to rural life is important. If the present trend continues the scientists may succeed in making agriculture too difficult for the layman, for the rural professional man. This is only a possibility: but it is possible. But if knowledge is to be acquired at the eventual cost, possibly, of making agriculture too highly technical, is the cost worth paying or the knowledge worth having? The whole integrity of rural life depends upon the integration of the agricultural and the professional interests. In this matter it is the scientists, and not the

### SPANIEL AND RABBIT

SIR,—The spaniel Ginger in the photograph belongs to H.H. Prince Birabongse (the famous racing motorist who is now a flight lieutenant in the A.T.C.—O.C. of a gliding school), while the rabbit Titch is my pet. Of course, on the first occasion of meeting they did not seem to look at each other in a friendly way, which is simply natural among these two kinds of animals. But, having been trained for some time, they eventually became friends and have often played happily in the fields since, and their friendship has not been broken off—yet. Although Ginger is rather on the rough side while playing, yet the bunny does not seem to mind very much; only when the spaniel unintentionally steps on Titch's body the rabbit always gives an awful scream which makes Ginger stop running around for a while. Usually they race or chase each other

round and round in the field, and when Titch is almost out of breath, he simply stops and lies down panting, while Ginger does the same as well as licking the poor rabbit. Every time I let Ginger out of the house, she must go straight to Titch's hutch. If her friend is not in view, she then uses her paws to scratch the hutch. This makes Titch come out of his chamber and he pokes his nose out to give Ginger a kiss, so to speak.

It is simply amazing to see these two animals play in the field, enemies by nature, but good friends now.—B. CHULINDRA, *Lynam House, Rock, near Wadebridge, Cornwall*.

### A STRAW SHED IN ULSTER

From the Right Hon. Samuel Cunningham.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a picture of a wood and straw shed which was on a farm—Belmount, Antrim, Northern Ireland.

It is the only shed of straw that I can hear of and should be interested to know if it was a usual building. The picture seems to show a short building, but I can remember when three loads of hay were put into it and the potatoes could be kept in it freer from frost than in a brick building.

It disappeared to make way for a hay-shed some time in the '90s of last century. The woodwork was all of round timber.—SAMUEL CUNNINGHAM, *Fernhill, Belfast*.

[The structure was evidently of a traditional type. It may derive from the bothies formerly constructed for shelter by Highland and Hebridean crofters at their summer pasturage, a suggestion perhaps supported by this example having been in Ulster. Timber framed dwellings covered with interlacing branches, sods and thatch have been formerly recorded in Wales.—Ed.]

### COVENTRY CATHEDRAL

SIR,—Before it is finally decided to covert the smoke-blackened ruins of Coventry Cathedral into an international coffee bar, readers of COUNTRY LIFE, who are so appreciative of our beautiful heritage, may like to have one more look at this masterpiece of English church architecture as it was portrayed on a sheet of letter-paper about a hundred years ago.

Surely the reasonable course to adopt with these ruins would be to restore them, as near as possible, to their original form and beauty. I know that "restoration is a lie," but

in this case even that is preferable to the modern monstrosity proposed in its place.

It were a pious work, I hear you say, To prop the fallen ruin, and to stay The work of desolation. It may be That ye say right: but, oh, work tenderly:

Beware lest one worn feature ye efface;

Seek not to add one touch of modern grace;

Handle with reverence each crumbling stone,

Respect the very lichens o'er it grown;

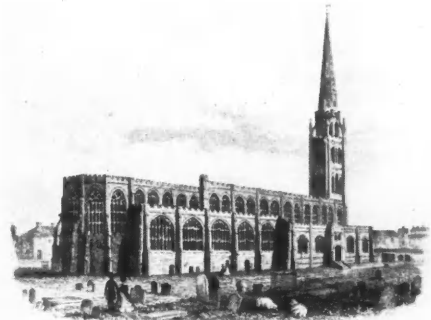
And bid each ancient monument to stand,

Supported e'en as with a filial hand.

'Mid all the light a happier day has brought

We work not yet as our forefathers wrought.

(Verse quoted by Sir Gilbert Scott, R.A.)—A. G. WADE (Major), *Ash Cottage, Bentley, Hampshire*.



COVENTRY CATHEDRAL AS NOTE-PAPER HEADING

See letter: Coventry Cathedral

### THE SEX OF THE UNBORN

SIR,—In *A Countryman's Notes* of your issue of August 4, Major Jarvis referred to the custom among farmers in Normandy of determining the sex of unborn calves and foals by means of a *sou* used as a pendulum.

A remarkable test of this kind on 16 dairy cows belonging to a farmer in Leicestershire was carried out last year by a member of the British Society of Dowzers. He correctly forecast that six of the calves would be bulls and that nine would be heifers. On the remaining cow the dowser could get no reaction and he therefore concluded that the cow was not in calf, which proved to be correct.

The nature of the indications, which depend on minute muscular impulses, varies with individual dowzers, but in this case a clockwise gyration denoted a heifer and counter-clockwise a bull.

There is no need to employ enemy aliens to obtain information of this



GINGER AND TITCH AT PLAY

See letter: Spaniel and Rabbit





### THE LITTLE KNIGHT OF CASTLE FROME

See letter: At Castle Frome

kind.—A. H. BELL (Colonel), *President of the British Society of Dowsers, York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2.*

### JOHN WILKINSON'S "HALFPENNIES"

SIR,—I was interested to read in your issue of July 21 of how one of your readers had discovered on his farm a John Wilkinson "halfpenny," as a few years ago I made a similar discovery when going through some old 18th-century family papers at Ashton Keynes in Wiltshire.

The chest, containing several of these coins together with old papers and manuscripts, had probably not been opened for a century, judging by the rust and dust.

I wondered at the time if these coins had ever been legal tender.

Wiltshire, like Norfolk, is a long way from Staffordshire, so they must have circulated widely.—S. AUBREY GLEED, *B.W.E.F.*



### THE OLD FIRE ENGINE AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

See letter: Early Fire Engines

### INGENIOUS BURMANS

SIR,—Colonel R. L. Scott (*vide* book review of July 28) tells the story of Chinese ingenuity in salving an aeroplane. In 1826 the *Hti* or umbrella of Shwedagon pagoda at Rangoon fell into the river in transit to the ship. The seamen after many efforts were unable to shift the trophy. The Burmans then begged to try their hand. By means of bamboos and unlimited labour the *Hti* was lifted. Of course Sir A. Phayre allowed the replacing of the precious relic's canopy, which still adorns the famous pagoda. I hope.—C. E. H. EDWARDS, *Watford, Hertfordshire.*

### SLOW-WORM SLUG-EATER

SIR,—I saw a slow-worm in the garden yesterday, and when I picked it up a big black slug came out of its mouth, which it must have been in the middle of eating. So we know that slow-

worms are good friends to have in our gardens.—JONATHAN REEVES (aged 6½), *Craig Lledr, Bettws-y-coed, Carnarvonshire.*

[We congratulate this young naturalist on his sharp eyes and hope he will continue to be a keen observer of Nature.—ED.]

### AT CASTLE FROME

SIR,—A very fine piece of architecture built into one of the windows in Castle Frome Church is the tiny figure of a knight clad in chain mail. The little bust holds in its hands a heart and is thought to be above the position where a knight's real heart was brought to be buried, a mode of burial practised many years ago.—A. MANFIELD, *Merrybent, Low Coniscliffe, County Durham.*

### SAMPHIRE PICKLE

SIR,—August is the time for harvesting samphire along the estuary of the River Ribble in Lancashire. Here on the mud-flats and the marsh along the river banks vast quantities are gathered every year. This is a traditional occupation, and on most Sunday mornings the gatherers go out when the tide has washed the samphire beds and pack the samphire in sacks. There is a great demand for the samphire while in season, and the gatherers distribute it with generosity among their neighbours.

Your correspondent who asks how it is used would find the Lancashire method of pickling both simple and delicious. Wash the samphire thoroughly in cold water. Boil it in a pan until the flesh will draw easily from the stem. Drain the water and leave until cold. Place in jars and add cold vinegar to the top of each jar and leave to pickle for two or three days, when it will be ready for use. This pickle will not keep and must be eaten within a fortnight. The traditional way to eat it is with the fingers. Take hold of a stem, place it in the mouth and draw it out through the teeth, when the flesh leaves the stem easily.—PHILIP ASHCROFT JUN., *Hon. Curator, Rufford Village Museum, Rufford Old Hall, near Ormskirk, Lancashire.*

### EARLY FIRE ENGINES

SIR,—This ancient relic, stored a few yards away from its modern counterpart, a 20th-century fire-pump, may be seen in the quiet cloisters of New College, Oxford. It bears the date 1760, and the maker's name: Nuttall, Long Acre, London, and the Latin inscription *Fecit. No. 653. In Usam Coll. Nov. Oxon.* So it would seem that Mr. Nuttall turned out a good number of these hand-operated machines, once brightly coloured, now dulled with time.—F. R. W., *Bristol.*

SIR,—As a contrast to the marvellous trailer fire pumps of to-day, here is a picture of one of the oldest fire engines in the country, now preserved in the guard room of Knaresborough Castle. It was built in 1774 by Phillips, Surrey side of Blackfriars Bridge.

Two teams of 12 men each were required when the engine was in action. Six men at each handle, the teams relieving one another after 10 spells of gruelling work. Yet, even as now, there was no lack of volunteers!—J. A. CARPENTER, *Harrogate.*

[Of these two examples of the hand-operated pump, which was the only type of fire engine in use till the application of the steam-operated pump in the early nineteenth century, the Knaresborough specimen is 14 years later than that at New College but is actually the more primitive. Its

massive trolley was probably built to hold water, replenished by a bucket brigade, and, owing to the short range of its jet, to be pushed close up to the fire—hence its very solid construction. The earlier engines were frequently consumed owing to this defective method. The first improvement was the development of a flexible pipe or hose connected to a more powerful pump, enabling the engine to be located well away from the fire. A later development was the suction hose to enable the pump to feed from other sources than its own receptacle. The New College engine, consisting of a pump mounted on a relatively light cart, has such a hose, and the four arms of the pump, with flexible handles, would take a crew of 12, three men to each arm, whereas it is difficult to see how more than six men could bring to bear on the Knaresborough pump.—ED.]

### POISONING WASPS

SIR,—People who, like a recent correspondent, destroy wasps' nests with cyanide sometimes misunderstand the way in which the gas acts. In the presence of moisture and carbon dioxide this substance gives off the intensely poisonous gas, hydrogen cyanide. If solid cyanide is used it will take days for the whole of the cyanide to be decomposed. It is better to use it dissolved in water and to soak a rag in the solution and to put the rag into the nest. The cyanide will then be quickly decomposed. Hydrogen cyanide acts, not by suffocation, but by its intensely poisonous nature. Badgers are able to stand a lot of cyanide and would not be likely to suffer any harm by eating the wasp grubs killed by the poison.

Derris powder can be used with almost as certain results as cyanide. If a heaped tablespoonful is poured into the entrance to a wasps' nest, so that the wasps carry the powder into the nest, the insects and grubs will all be killed within a couple of days. After that interval, close the entrance to the nest with a sod. If desired the nest can then be dug out and the grubs will be very wholesome food for chickens. The grubs killed by cyanide would of course kill chickens.—F. R. L. WILSON, *Middlebriars, Godalming, Surrey.*

### WASPS' HIGH FLIGHT

SIR,—I wonder if there is any record of the greatest height at which wasps have been seen in this island. My wife and I, on the summit of Aran

Mawddwy (2,970 ft.), saw two queen wasps, one in the short grass, one receiving the attention of males on a rock. A large number of other wasps were flying around the cairn on the summit, and some of these seemed to be queens.—A. R. WALMSLEY, *Dinas Mawddwy, Merionethshire.*

### ROUEN CATHEDRAL

SIR,—In your issue of July 28 a correspondent writes that the Tour de Beurre—the Butter Tower—at Rouen was paid for by the proceeds of sale of butter given by neighbouring farmers.

I have lived several years in Rouen and it appears there to be



### THE 1774 FIRE ENGINE PRESERVED AT KNARESBOROUGH CASTLE

See letter: Early Fire Engines

generally accepted that the tower was built with moneys paid by devout persons for special dispensation allowing them to eat butter during Lent.

A mistake your correspondent makes is that he mentions the central spire as being of steel; it is, however, cast-iron and bronze.

I agree with your correspondent about Siamese cats' eyes in the dark. I had a Siamese cat; her eyes always reflected red.—H. A. JEFFERY, 52, St. Paul's Road, Bradford, Yorkshire.

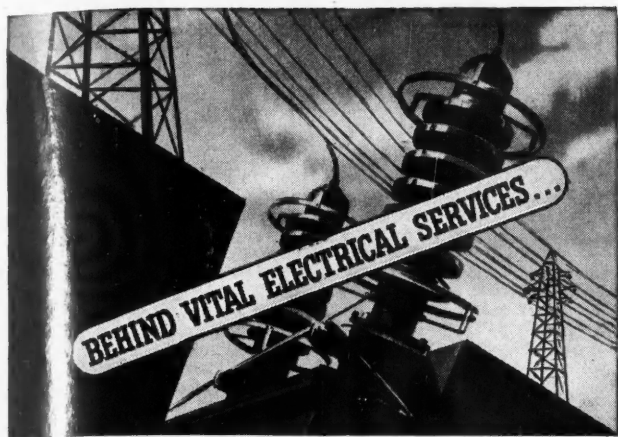
### A BOLD EIDER DUCK

SIR,—It is not unusual to come upon an eider duck which will allow herself to be stroked on the nest. I think the accompanying photograph shows a much more uncommon incident, an eider biting the finger of the watcher as he attempts to handle some of her newly-hatched ducklings. These had already left the nest, and the family party were on their way to the sea. The photograph was taken on Tents Moor, Fife.—T. LESLIE SMITH, *Ashwood, Broughty Ferry, Angus.*

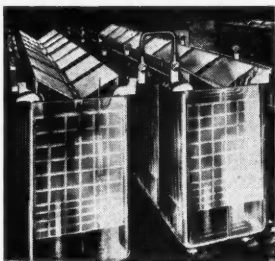


### THE EIDER DUCK FIGHTS FOR HER BROOD

See letter: A Bold Elder Duck



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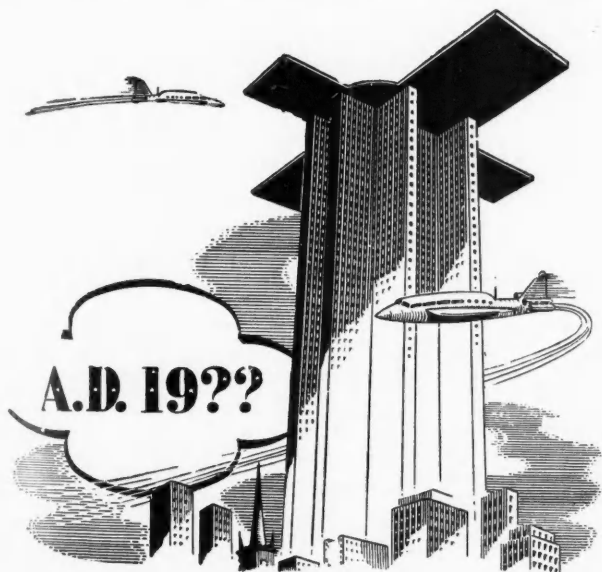
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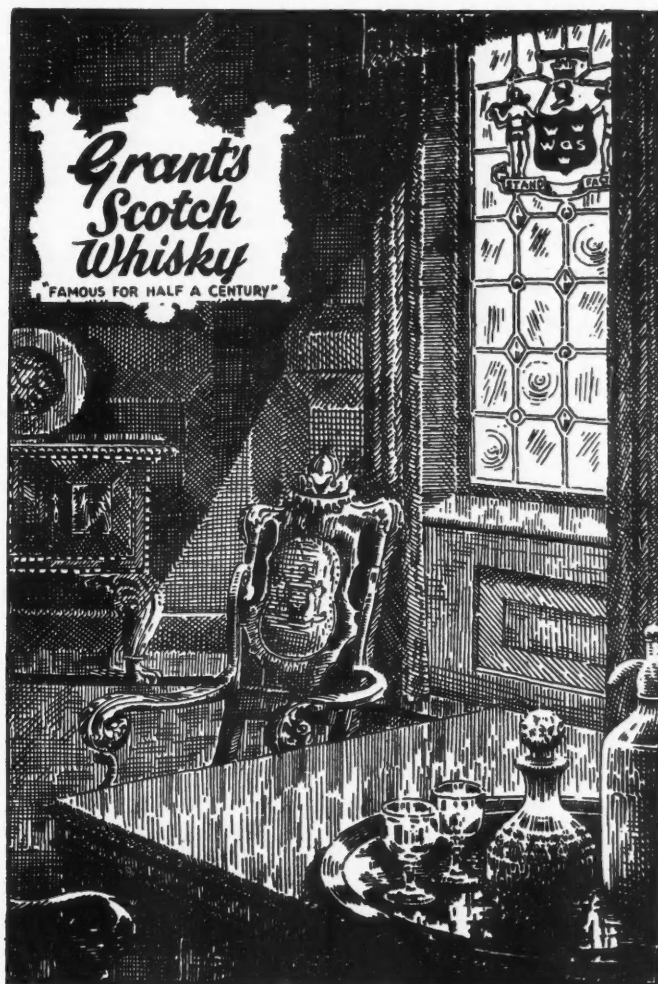
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### FARMING NOTES

## A SATISFACTORY HARVEST

**M**ANY of us can look back on a satisfactory beginning of harvest. We had a straight run with cutting and for a time carrying went on in as good a style as could be wished. It has been an easy harvest in so far as the crops had not too much straw and were ready for carrying almost as soon as they were cut. The use of more combine harvesters helped to solve the labour problem in some districts where farmers could make a contract to have so many acres dealt with by the combine, but lack of skilled men able to stand a long day in the field was again the chief handicap on most farms. Volunteers from the harvest camps, adults and schoolboys and girls, did their best, but pitching sheaves all day is a heavy job for town muscles. All credit to the volunteers for standing up to the work as well as they do! In my part of the country there was little break in their labours owing to bad weather, and some at one camp told me that they were really tired out after a full week's work. Those who were staying on for a second week had the chance to go potato-picking, but after trying it for one day they decided they would rather go back to the cornfields. Picking up potatoes is a monotonous job. There is no glamour about it, necessary though the potato crop is at the present time.

**M**R. HUDSON has warned us that we must expect to have to go on producing food to the maximum for several years to come. The Continent of Europe as a whole will be short of food, and, while the claims of the liberated countries will be extremely urgent, Britain cannot expect America and Canada to supply our needs more generously than they have done in the past five years. For any improvement in our rations we must look to our own efforts. There is one food, the fresh egg, which we could certainly produce in much greater quantities with advantage. The trouble so far has been lack of feeding-stuffs for any stock beyond the dairy herd. Now we are coming to the stage when it should be possible to allow poultry more generous rations.

**I**T is the ordinary consumer in the town who needs more eggs. The self-supplier has been able to look after himself fairly well and will no doubt continue to do so. As it seems most unlikely that we shall be able to import more feeding-stuffs like maize, the best basis for the expansion of the poultry industry is home-grown crops, such as oats together with milling offals. The by-products of milling have been very scarce since the rate of extraction of flour milling was raised to 85 per cent. If a lower rate of flour extraction is allowed, which means whiter bread, then we shall have more milling by-products to devote to egg production. The choice seems to lie between wholemeal bread and white bread with eggs.

**T**HE brewers will get some first-quality malting barley from this year's harvest. I have seen some excellent crops in the south of England. The grain was well matured before it was cut and was saved without any weather damage. Germination on the malting floor should be good, and the brewers should be well satisfied. Despite the fact that brewers are using home-grown barley exclusively now, they manage to produce a good beer, remembering that they are required by the Ministry of Food to keep down the strength. Was there really ever any justification for the value attached to Californian barleys? Some of our

crop this season is to go for whisky distilling. Allowing for this and the probable increase in the amount of barley needed for brewing beer, it does not seem likely that there will be much over for pig feeding.

**P**LANs have been made to get a big increase in the number of calves reared this autumn. All the emphasis laid on winter milk production, which involves the autumn calving of many more cows, must lead to a flood of calves in the markets during September and October. Not every calf put into market is worth rearing, but a big proportion of them should be saved either for dairy replacements or for feeding on to make beef one day. I know that a good many farmers who are accustomed to calf-rearing have said they would like to buy in the spring, but it has always seemed to me that the autumn calf, housed and fed indoors through the winter, is the most economical. It is old enough by May to take advantage of the summer grass. The difficulty about getting more autumn calves reared is of course the value of winter milk. When milk can be sold for 3s. a gallon, most farmers are reluctant to divert much to calf-rearing. If a calf is to get 50-80 gallons of new milk, which still seems to be the practice in the far west, calf-rearing is indeed an expensive business in these days.

**I**CAME across a really economical method of calf-rearing the other day in Berkshire. The farmer buys good Shorthorn heifer calves. They come out of a heavy milking district, but they are not pedigree stock. He does not give them any milk. They are on gruel for two months, each calf having its own bucket, which is placed in a rack with an ingenious guard to stop one calf robbing its neighbour. After a few weeks the calves begin to take an interest in hay and silage fed four times a day. At the end of the first two months they go on to home-grown mixture made up on the barn floor like this. The bottom layer is wheat chaff, then sliced mangolds, then dredge corn topped up with treacle (which the farmer arranges to have left over from silage-making). They get this as feed twice a day and additional feeds of hay and silage, making four feeds in all. Certainly these calves look exceptionally well. They have kept their bloom and are well grown for their age. I should add that there is no particular secret about the gruel. It is a proprietary mixture which can be bought by any farmer. The real secret lies in the farmer and his stockman. They have a knack for managing calves.

**D**OES manuring affect the food value and keeping quality of the crops we grow? There is a school of thought which argues that the widespread use of artificial fertilisers deprives us of some hidden qualities in our food. I have never been convinced that this belief is sound, at any rate when applied to the ordinary farming where the rotation of crops maintains a satisfactory humus content in the soil. But I am interested in some experiments which have been carried out at Long Ashton Research Station, Bristol, to show the effects of farm-yard manure and other manurial treatments on the storage qualities of onions. The highest weight of onions was obtained by using inorganic nitrogen to supplement farm-yard manure and compost. When it came to storage, the lowest percentage of decay was found in the onions which had farm-yard manure alone.

CINCINNATUS.



## THE ESTATE MARKET

## MANY COUNTRY HOUSES FOR SALE

A FEW weeks ago London householders and large firms were preparing to vacate country premises that had served them well for three or four years. Now those who did not surrender their right to occupy country accommodation are very glad. At the same time as this desire to keep out of London a little longer became evident agents reported a revived demand for rural retreats, and this, it has seemed, has given to some owners of country properties a chance of selling or letting, preferably selling, those properties.

## HARDENING PRICES

HUNDREDS of country houses, mostly of the smaller type, with anything from a "good garden" to a dozen acres, are in the market. Some who had begun to congratulate themselves on having got through the worst without having to move to the country are now ready to pay whatever is necessary to secure accommodation away from Town. Much as they dislike having to buy a property under present conditions, and at the ruling and rising level of prices, they are ready to do so. However, if they scan the multitudinous offers, again and again they must feel tempted to say that the would-be vendor should have stated at the start, and not as a sort of afterthought at the end, that "possession will be given at Michaelmas," or "available for entry early next year." So qualified, an offer is worthless to those who are urgently looking for somewhere to go to at once. Anyone who has a little spare space for the reception of worried townspeople may pick and choose the type of temporary "guest," and the offer of accommodation will be an unforgettable kindness.

## SCOTTISH SALES

AFTER many months of restricted business the Scottish market is waking up, and sales of large acreages are averaging one every three or four weeks. Negotiations are progressing for a change of ownership of well-known sporting estates. In pre-war days long lists of lettings of grouse moors were usually given in COUNTRY LIFE and, although only a small proportion of the rents were stated, enough was known to prove that the owners were well satisfied with the yield. There is every reason to think that the individual buyer or tenant and the syndicated concerns will be glad to pay substantial prices or rents in the near future, just as they did up to 1937-38.

## DISTANCE NO BAR

TO a certain extent the comparative inaccessibility of Highland domains militated against them in the past, for many men, with ample means and every wish to enjoy the fishing and shooting and other attractions of the far north, were unable to detach themselves to the great distance from London (in point of travelling time) that was implied by taking a moor. The aeroplane has solved that difficulty, but whether it has interfered with the age-long quietude of game is less certain. The probability is that a reasonably well-conducted air service will be found to make no difference to sport.

## AN INVERNESS-SHIRE MOOR

KILCHACHY, one of the best moors, not only in Inverness-shire but in all Scotland, has been privately sold to Colonel Leonard Hardy, of Foston Hall, Derbyshire. Captain Percy Wallace negotiated the sale. Kilmory House stands 1,100 ft. above

sea level, and its main front overlooks the river Findhorn to the south. The 4,000 acres are mostly grouse moor, butted for driving, and it yields at present an average of 800 brace of grouse, but in a normal period the yield would probably be nearer 1,200 brace. There is a nice mixed bag of low ground game from roundly a square mile of arable and woods. Findhorn salmon fishing in about five miles goes with the estate.

## WELSH OFFERS

M. R. WALTER ROCH, formerly Member for Pembroke, has decided to dispose of the remaining part of the once vast Maes-Gwyne estate, near Whitland. This Carmarthenshire seat at one time extended to many thousands of acres, and was a noted hunting and racing establishment. The racecourse has been ploughed up, and the hunter stables have been turned into cowsheds. The mansion and part of the parish of Llanboidy are included in the coming sale locally, by Messrs. Jackson Stops and Staff. For 50 years or more the late owner of Maes-Gwyne, the late Mr. Walter R. Powell, M.P., hunted the country at his own expense. Later the pack was bought by Mr. W. J. Buckley and Lord Tredegar, and constituted, with the addition of another pack, the Carmarthenshire Hunt.

The Mytton family's tenure for three or four centuries of the Garth and Trefmanney estates, near Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, is soon to be terminated. Captain B. Mytton has ordered an auction of the entire estate as one lot. The mansion and many village properties in Guilsfield are included.

## BARNWELL MANOR LAND

MESSRS. LACY SCOTT AND SONS state that the buyer of the Duke of Gloucester's land, a sale lately announced in COUNTRY LIFE, is Mr. C. A. de Cock-Brognaux, of Lakenheath, Suffolk. He paid £40,100 for the 2,100 acres of Barnwell Manor agricultural land.

## SALE ON EVE OF AUCTION

ANOTHER extensive estate has changed hands a few hours before the time of the auction. Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have disposed of Crowood, Ramsbury, Wiltshire, 1,134 acres within five miles of Hungerford. The house, dating from the Queen Anne and Early Georgian periods, stands in a miniature park. A tributary of the Kennet winds through the property and provides plenty of trout fishing. The buyer proposes to make no change in the farming system carried on by the vendor.

## FARMS CHANGING HANDS

POSTPONEMENTS lately forecast chiefly affect local auctions of agricultural land. Fairly brisk bidding has marked what sales have been held. Salopian land, under the hammer at Bridgnorth and Wellington, has included Seedlands Farm, 26 acres, for £2,400, with possession, and Poplars Farm, a freehold of 145 acres, with possession, near Bridgnorth, for £6,700.

Devon freehold land, dealt with at an Axminster auction, included 79 acres at Linsbury, for £3,325, and over £4,000 for various small lots of pasture and arable.

For just on 23 acres of land at Bangor, a total of £15,185 has been obtained under the hammer of Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. ARBITER.

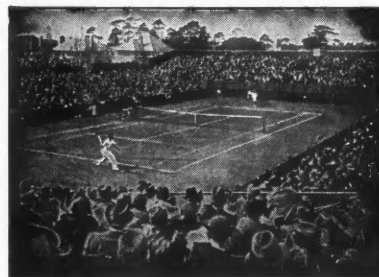
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## NEW BOOKS

# SIR IAN HAMILTON LOOKS BACK

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

GENERAL SIR IAN HAMILTON gave us in *When I Was a Boy* the early part of the story which he now continues in *Listening for the Drums* (Faber, 18s.). This carries his tale up to the present day, but the emphasis is not even throughout. Nor could it well be. Sir Ian has passed his ninety-first year.

It is surprising that a man of that age should write so vigorous a book; it is inevitable that the stress should lie upon the years of his prime. His service with the 92nd Gordons in India is fully recounted. There is a good record of the ill-fated affair of Majuba in 1881; the Nile Expedition which aimed at the rescue of Gordon some years later gives the author an opportunity to compare Wolseley most unfavourably with his hero Lord Roberts; and the Dardanelles Expedition comes in for a few pages. Sir Ian confesses, as many old men have done, that the things of yesterday tend to grow dim in his mind, while the things of long ago shine with startling clearness.

### LAWS OF THE MESS

And so primarily, I thought, this book would be valued for its account of the sort of life young officers lived in India 70 years ago. Sir Ian, I imagine, is the only person now living who could give us that account at first hand. We see the young man setting off in 1873 to join his regiment, the Gordons. It was, even for those days, a conservative regiment, "better armoured," as the author slyly says, "than anyone nowadays can imagine against enthusiasm or ideas. No officer from the regiment had ever entered the Staff College. That was one of their numerous die-hard boasts. Schools of special instruction, the Gordons considered, had been invented by those far-away dim arbiters, demi-gods, or devils, called 'The Horse Guards,' to enable slackers to sneak away from good, honest regimental parades and orderly duty, thus throwing their duties upon their comrades."

Until, in 1874, Ian Hamilton himself sat for an examination in an Oriental language, no officer had ever done this or been known to volunteer for anything. "We went where we were told; we fought where we were told; we sought no personal reward; a very proud stand to take up in face of a pushing, self-seeking world: there was a great deal to be said for it."

In the mess "the laws of the Gordons were drastic and bore heavily on those subalterns who had less than £200 a year as their private allowances. Beer or brandies and sodas or gins and tonics (rather popular at that time) were forbidden even on quiet nights with only half-a-dozen officers dining in. Whiskies and sodas

were unknown. . . . The only drinks permitted were claret or champagne during dinner; port or sherry, with liqueurs, after dinner, that is to say normally." The author makes this qualification because he goes on to describe a guest-night which turned to a monumental "binge" with large numbers of officers unconscious. It

### LISTENING FOR THE DRUMS

By General  
Sir Ian Hamilton  
(Faber, 18s.)

RED SURGEON  
By George Borodin  
(Museum Press, 15s.)

WHERE THE  
SEA BREAKS  
By John Prebble  
(Secker and Warburg, 6s.)

began with Major White (afterwards Field-Marshal White of the Boer War) draining a pipe of whisky at a draught and challenging his "opposite number," the uncle of the present Lord Wavell, to do the same. This set the bachelorian ball rolling: next morning there were only three officers on parade.

Women played their part in the regimental life and it was as important for a subaltern to make himself agreeable to the reigning ladies as to the colonel himself. And, of course, there were the alternations of the hills and the plains, the parade square and the ballroom, the hunting for game and the sharp encounter when the 92nd found itself on active service. It is all very Kiplingesque, and indeed the young Kipling was soon to be on the scene, making a note of it all. Sir Ian knew him well and did what he could to get him launched. It was in 1886 that he sent Kipling's first short story to his brother Vereker in London, with suggestions about finding a publisher. Vereker Hamilton first sent it to Andrew Lang, who returned it with the comment: "I would gladly give Ian a fiver if he had never been the means of my reading this poisonous stuff which has left an extremely disagreeable impression on my mind."

The story then went on to William Sharp ("Fiona MacLeod") who wrote: "I would strongly recommend your brother's friend instantly to burn this detestable piece of work. If I would not be considered to be going beyond my brief, I would like to hazard a guess that the writer of the article in question is very young and that he will die mad before he has reached the age of thirty."

Other editors turned the story down, and it was sent back to India. Eventually it appeared, unaltered, in one of Kipling's volumes. It was called *The Mark of the Beast*.

### WINSTON CHURCHILL

Long before the affair of Gallipoli, Sir Ian's life and Winston Churchill's had crossed at many points, and we are here shown Churchill in the heat of several actions. There is a long letter from the young Churchill describing his doings and emotions when facing the Dervishes at Omarurman, and it interested me to find that, even then, as when he promised blood, toil, tears and sweat, he did not hurry men on to action with hopes of reward but with a clear exposition of what really was involved. These are the words of Churchill's letter, written



46 years ago: "I did not distinguish myself in any way—although, as my composure was undisturbed, my vanity is of course increased. I informed the attached officers on the way up that there was only one part of the despatch in which they could hope to be mentioned. They asked what part. I replied 'The Casualty List.'"

Sir Ian's whole life has been the life of a soldier. And what does a soldier think of war? He tells us in a sentence: "The most thrilling of life's adventures, bar a honeymoon."

"Speaking for myself," he says, "only by war was I to be made to understand the full significance of comradeship. . . . Some folk maintain that these sentiments, these loyalties, can be bred in peace-time by the common front made to death in a mining disaster, earthquake, shipwreck or what not." The author holds that war calls out higher qualities than these emergencies can command. "No thoughts of promotion, loot or even of glory, muddled the purity of my sentiment which was made up so far as I can analyse it, of about equal portions of professional curiosity and sheer love of danger. To my mind this was, is, and will be the spirit of the British rank and file."

#### THE TRUTH ABOUT WAR

For myself, I think all this needs one important qualification. "It is the cause, my soul." I do not believe, with some, that war should never be waged; nor do I believe with Sir Ian that curiosity and love of danger are sufficient reasons for letting loose the holocaust. You might as well say that love of danger justified an engine-driver in allowing the steam to mount till it burst the boiler. The justification would be if the sharer of the foot-plate were the devil incarnate and this the only means of destroying him. Perhaps—but even then only perhaps—in the old clash of sabre and tulwar that Sir Ian knew there might be something in his view; but in the modern mechanised squashing of men to death in pitiful masses one needs indeed to be upheld by the sense of a powerful cause if sanity is not to reel. No doubt to a professional soldier the between-war intervals of drill and spit and polish, enlivened by social activities and a little shooting, can seem tedious, pointless and sterile, and thus war becomes an exciting safety-valve, a justification, almost a means in itself. But to a civilian playing always a part whose social significance is apparent, this is not so. I have said here before, and I say again, that to me the truth is this: that war is neither a glorious thing to be desired nor a loathsome thing to be repudiated, but a grim and terrible necessity by which men choose, given the cause, to allow their lives to be conditioned.

#### RUSSIAN SURGEON

For these reasons, it was with peculiar interest that I read George Borodin's *Red Surgeon* (Museum Press, 15s.). Mr. Borodin, himself of Russian birth, is a surgeon like the man he celebrates in this book. The author tells briefly the story of Maxim Pavlovich Murov. Murov was a boy of a good family with "left" tendencies. From his childhood he loathed cruelty and death, would rescue beasts from traps, tend their broken limbs and set them free, he embraced the ideas of the Revolution, but his way at first was not easy. Coming from a class that had not worked with its hands, he was awkward.

In the Russian atmosphere he became more tolerant, Murov advanced

in estimation and was acknowledged to be among Russia's finest surgeons, in both research and practical technique. When the Germans invaded Russia he went to the front as an Army doctor and was overwhelmed by what he saw of the Nazi bestiality. A theoretical Pacifist, he became imbued with a spirit of intense hate towards the enemy. (And here is a point: If you don't hate a man and all he stands for like hell, why are you fighting him?)

#### A GRIM DOCUMENT

Anyway, Murov learned to hate, and so did the woman surgeon whom he was engaged to marry. Both were armed; both took every opportunity to become snipers. At last their work took them among the partisans, and here the woman surgeon was killed. For a long time there was silence about Murov, but one day, Mr. Borodin tells us, a battered diary reached him by post. This was Murov's account of what he had done and seen in the war. It forms the second part of Mr. Borodin's book, and a grim and shocking document it is. As for Murov himself, Mr. Borodin learned later that he survived, blind and hopelessly maimed.

Well, here was this man who had loathed war and scorned the folly that permitted it to happen. But once his sense of the cause in which he was fighting had satisfied his mind, then his heart also was able to find its satisfactions and could almost echo the words of Sir Ian Hamilton. "This hell," he writes, "which is also a paradise filled with the flowers of comradeship." And again: "I am not thinking now of war's horrors and bestialities. I am thinking of its contradictions, of how, foul in itself, it brings forth the highest and noblest side of Man's character, inspires him and raises him above himself."

Apart from all else, this book gives an excellent account of Soviet medical practice on the battlefields.

Mr. John Prebble's *Where the Sea Breaks* (Secker and Warburg, 6s.) is a parable for the times. A German aeroplane crashes on a hillside in an island which sounds as though it is one of the Hebrides. The pilot and three others escape with their lives, their machine-guns and their ammunition. The community, mostly women, children and old men, not more than a score in all, is at the mercy of these four, and in this little space we see played out the great spectacle which has spread itself across Europe.

This story ends, as in time the greater one will, with a rising passion of common people against senseless brutality, the realisation on the part of the invader that he is both hated and outnumbered. "You could have come as friends and we would have welcomed you. But you chose to come and kill us."

That is the essence of it. That is the cause. A quiet, impressive little book.

NOTABLE among those turning back to simplicity in poetry is J. H. B. Peel, with his poems *In the Country* (Watts, 5s.). A young man, not yet 30, Lieutenant Peel is now invalided from sea service. War experience has made him older than his years; but his healing and help lie in country sights and sounds, and it is of these that he chiefly writes, his ideal being to play

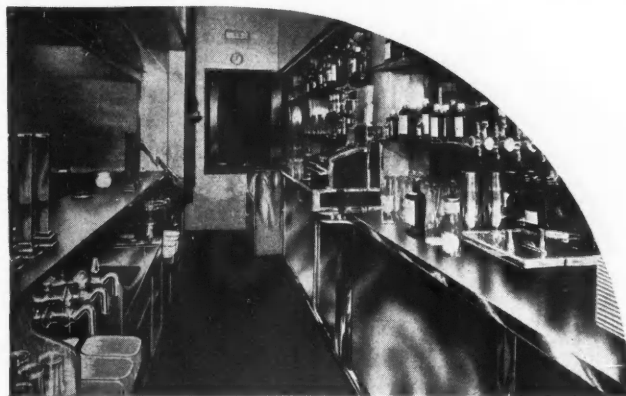
his English words with mild strength and powerful ease.

Among his best poems are *Failure*, and *The Log Fire*. V. H. F.



"Goodnight children  
—everywhere—"

Never still for a moment. What energy they use! Now's the time for that long refreshing sleep — a cup of OXO and off to bed.



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# ADVANCING *into* AUTUMN

(Right) Ensemble for autumn in coral and honey-beige frieze. The red coat is belted in front and hangs straight at the back. The honey-beige dress folds under the red belt and has rounded pockets and collar. Designed by Henry Luker for Jay's

(Below) Coatrock in navy and white pin-striped woollen with white marcella tie slotted through the neckline. Designed by Bianca Mosca for Jacqmar. Shopping bag shaped like a bucket in navy leather by Hellstern



PHOTOGRAPH DENES

THERE is a new degree of simplicity about the clothes for the coming winter. They conform to all war-time styling rules and look as trim, slim and unpretentious as those of last winter. It is when you examine them closely that you discover the subtle darting and seaming that bring a more feminine cut, the many elegant details on pockets and yokes and the novel ways used to fasten and decorate them discreetly. By and large, this detail tends to concentrate round about the shoulders, instead of on the waistline and immediately below, as hitherto. The waistline remains at its normal



PHOTOGRAPH  
DERMOT CONOLLY

level indicated by darting, with the stitching often left outside like the fin of a bomb, or a few gathers.

New designs are shown for everything. Some of the prettiest blouses are in fine Surah silk with two tucks of about four to five inches long slanting towards the centre front from each shoulder seam. A neat tie at the neck makes a butterfly bow. Colours are deep Devon violet, rust, jade green, clay red, canary yellow, mushroom pink, that all make a gay splash on the top of tweed skirts. Tailored pastel lamé shirts with knife-pleated fronts are smart with the plain black cloth and cut velvet suits shown for afternoon and evening in town. Country shirts in fine bright monotone woollens or in Paisley patterns are plain with turn-down collars and full sleeves.

New felt berets and bonnets, shown by Miss Hammond at Erik's, are held on by small hatpins with heads made out of diamonds of the heavy black silk that used to face the lapels of men's dress suits. The silk also makes a headband or a cockade on the beret. Elastic is so short in supply that Miss Hammond has had these pins made as a substitute and an exceedingly *chic* substitute, too. She shows neat halo berets, larger pancake ones with crossed ribbons like the insignia on an American officer's sleeve, and tiny beret bonnets with large flapper bows of fringed corded ribbon at the back that cover up the hair. Minute round bonnets are for the very young, just fit on the head and are worn right on the back. For wearing with fur jackets and capes, Miss Hammond makes deftly folded touches of velvet, olive green or amethyst, that are held on by ornamental Victorian hatpins, or swathed in veiling. The newest version of the pull-on jersey cap has a peak over each eye and is at Fortnum and Mason's. Squares for autumn turbans and necks are printed with fern fronds, when they are given bright green, russet or coral red borders covered with oak leaves and oak apples in the brown and greens of an October beechwood; bordered in squares, each a different glorious





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**MOYGASHEL**

**WINTERWEAVE FABRICS**

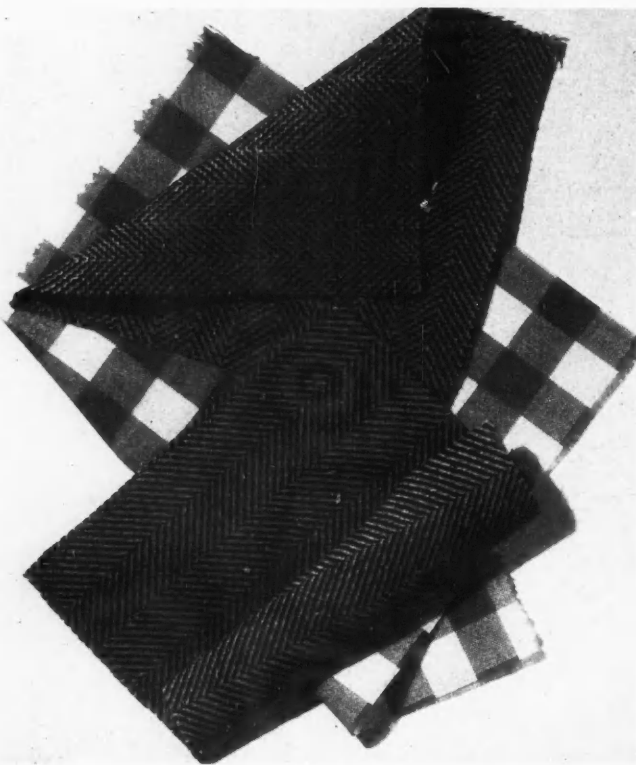
'Winterweave' is a Moygashel with that little extra substance that makes a dress or a suit very comfortable to wear as the year cools off. There are many lovely colours.

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Checks, banished from tweed collections, appear among the woollens as gingham-checked worsteds for shirts or children's dresses. Herring-bone tweeds, one pink and dark fir green in wavy stripes, the other gold and russet; both mixtures of cashmere and wool. Jacquard.

colour, and printed in the middle with riders and horsemen, designed by Topolski; dotted with large bird's-eye blobs in two bright colours on a light ground with the border in a third brilliant shade.

ACCESSORIES for tweeds are definitely in a good era of design. Lambskin gloves and waistcoats are commented on with envy by visiting Americans, who exclaim at the quality and style. The gloves are pull-ons and hand-stitched; the waistcoats are plain, or faced, lined and frogged with scarlet or emerald green like an Austrian jacket. The newest weekend bags are shaped like largish portmanteaux, light in weight and fasten over on top with two small buckles and straps. They take enough for several days and are a satisfying-looking bag. Pigskin handbags and belts are equally right with tweeds or town black; they are quite plain. The bags with handles are large, gloves hand-stitched and a short pull-on shape. Hand-knitted cashmere gloves in a neat basket-stitch are made in most of the bright pastels that are popular for sweaters and blouses. Another useful accessory that has been absent from the shops for some years is back again—the bicycle basket. The Government have sanctioned their making by disabled men, and strong baskets can be bought from the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops in Brompton Road, S.W.



Fine tweeds in variations of the traditional herring-bone are in mixtures of clear, bright pastels—carmine, cyclamen, hyacinth and lavender blues, slate greys and chalk grey, plum and a pale lime green. The herring-bone design is broken by a line in the brighter of the two colours, or the pattern is worked in wavy lines. Dress-weight woollens have an imperceptible basket weave. Viola purple and carmine are popular shades here, too. Violet is new to the colour palette—violets as deep as Devon violets, Parma violet, lavender and a real royal purple. It appears everywhere for coats, dresses, jumpers, blouses, accessories. A vivid mossy green is another colour that crops up everywhere.

New chiffon nightgowns, white or pale blue, are cut to a V in front and quite plain; have a gathered bodice at the back and a high Empire waistline. Immediately below the waist are two gathered pockets piped in a bright cherry. Others have fluted epaulettes and a peplum both piped in bright cherry red. Elegant white house-coats in heavy rayon jersey are draped across to a seam running right down one side of the front, fall in classic folds, have long sleeves that can be pushed up and worn ruched

above the elbow. Black marocain housecoats are given gay striped fronts—two stripes of orange and one middle one in vermilion. The stripes are horizontal and divided by narrow black ones; the housecoat is cut on tailored lines. Cherry flannel housecoats with full skirts have gold buttons criss-crossing across the bodice and sleeves that bell at the ends. Paisley dressing-gowns are festive and warm in lovely colour combinations, and are both cosy and attractive.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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THIS YEAR*

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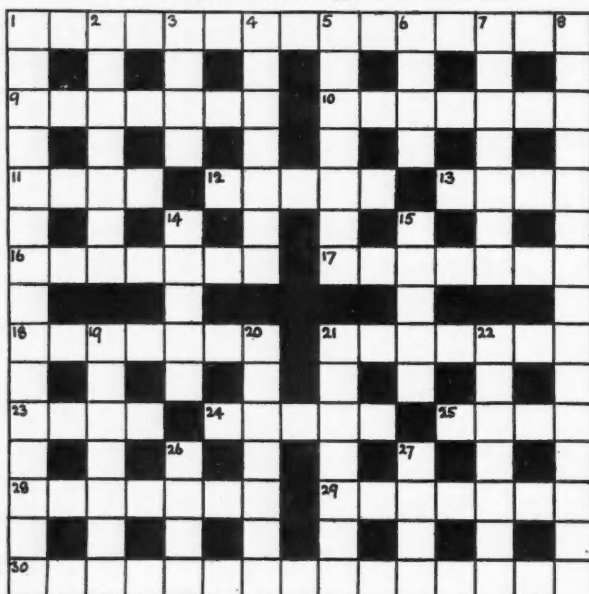
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## CROSSWORD No. 762

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 762, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2." not later than the first post on Thursday, September 7, 1944.

NOTE.—This competition does not apply to the United States.



Name.....  
(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

Address.....

**SOLUTION TO No. 761.**—The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of August 25, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Ten to three; 6, Colt; 9, Red and blue; 10, Peck; 12, Froths; 13, No sun; 16, Iceland; 18, No risks; 19, Bowdler; 21, Pyramid; 22, Dirge; 23, Choice; 27, Opal; 28, Come hither; 29, Feet; 30, Unstrapped. DOWN.—1, Turn; 2, Nods; 3, Owner; 4, Habited; 5, Emulsin; 7, Open sesame; 8, Take no side; 11, Snorer; 14, Big bad wolf; 15, New warfare; 17, Asleep; 20, Raccoon; 21, Protest; 24 and 25, China shop; 26, Trod.

### ACROSS.

1. That region which, we now know, includes the London area (8, 7)
9. Brave (7)
10. Ups and downs at play (7)
11. Wander (4)
12. Gather the harvest, though results are for the most part thin (5)
13. The pianist's destination (4)
16. Mussolini in sin? It persuades one to think so! (7)
17. Nay, seek here our allies (7)
18. The bites that get the cheese-parings only? (7)
21. Gets away (7)
23. We are among these members of the flock (4)
24. Turn aside (5)
25. Thoroughly complacent (4)
28. The one who comes in (7)
29. Here's part of the pavement a long time after her of the D'Urbervilles (7)
30. 1759 earned this title; will 1944 too? (4, 2, 9)

### DOWN.

1. A cure for the king's evil? (9, 6)
2. Dun vole (anagr.) (7)
3. Frost on the propeller? (4)
4. When the snake does it's not for baby's amusement! (7)
5. Joy abounding (7)
6. Ruled by a four-footed, 19th-century monarch (4)
7. Perquisite, though a kitchen utensil shows age! (7)
8. S.O.S., and again S.O.S. (8, 7)
14. An Indian brave once carried it at his waist as well as on his head (5)
15. Macbeth's porter was disturbed by its repetition (5)
19. Prepare the four o'clock beverage (4, 3)
20. Great Russian soldier of the past (7)
21. Stray in the direction of a bout of neuralgia? (7)
22. Lytton described its last days (7)
26. "I . . . pined by — for my lovelier Teas." —Macaulay (4)
27. Scandinavian city (4)

The winner of Crossword No. 760 is

Mr. H. S. Beatty,

34, Higher Drive, Banstead,

Surrey.





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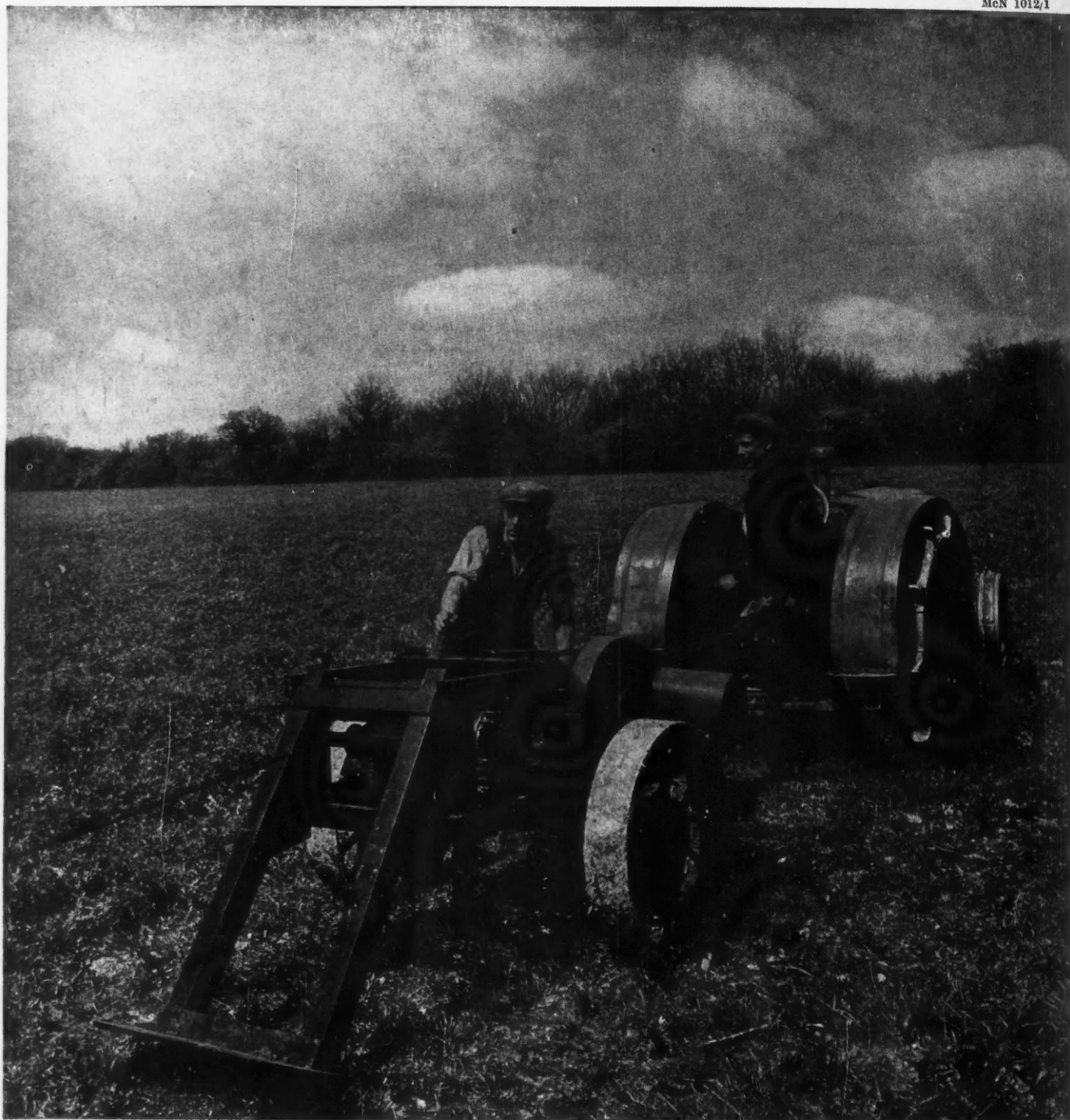


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